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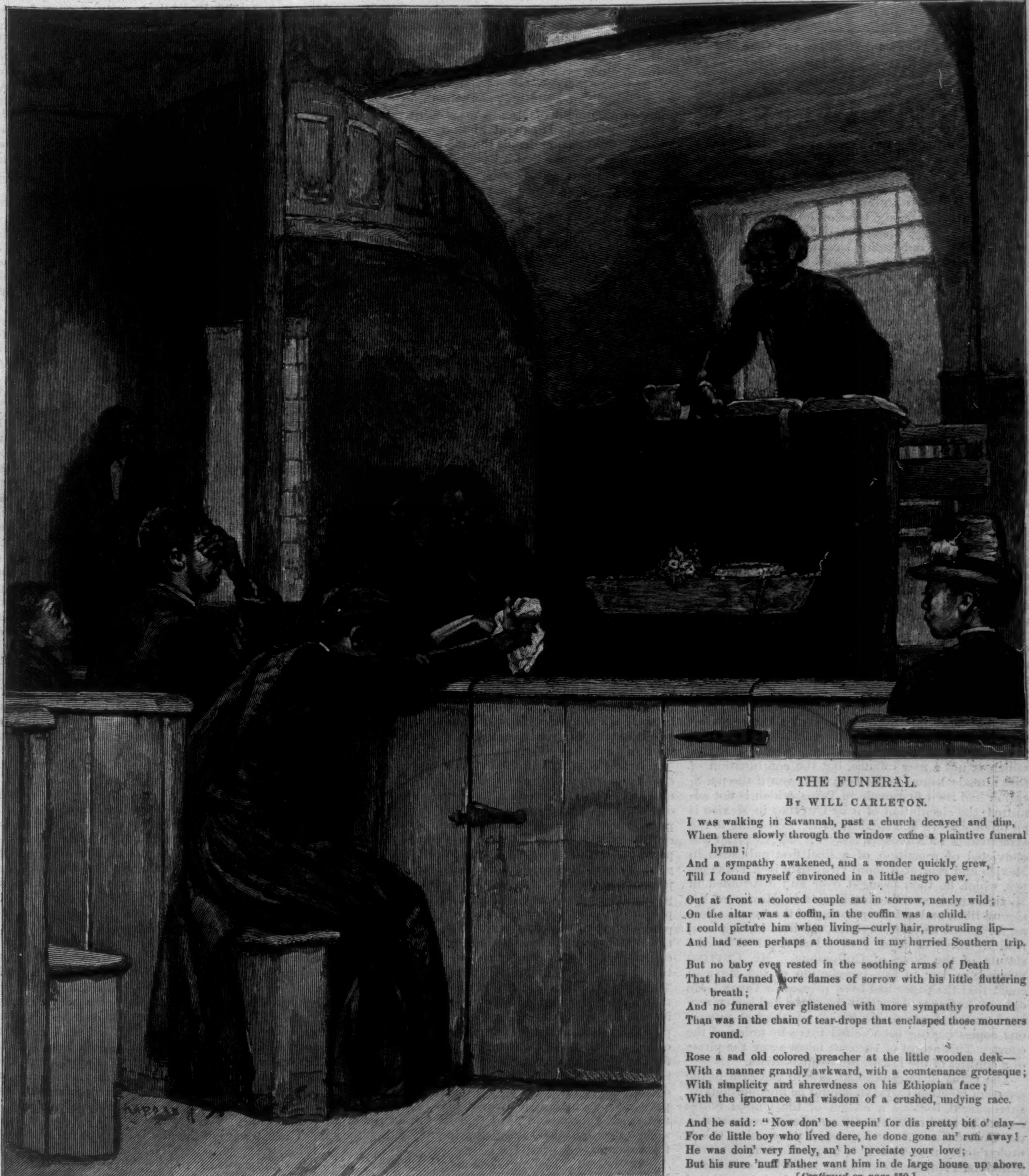

THE FUNERAL.

By WILL CARLETON.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that enclasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed, undying race.

And he said: "Now don' be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone an' run away!
He was doin' very finely, an' he 'preciate your love;
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de large house up above.

[*Continued on page 550.*]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1886.

THE MEXICAN DIFFICULTY.

THERE has been nothing in the CUTTING case to justify a blustering tone of lofty resolution to avenge an outrage upon American honor, and the peremptory demand for his surrender seems to have been somewhat premature. The facts are few and simple. CUTTING, who is an American, had domiciled himself in Mexico, where he published a paper, and had voluntarily subjected himself to Mexican laws. A rival publisher named MEDINA issued the prospectus of a new paper, and CUTTING denounced it as a swindling enterprise. MEDINA applied to a Mexican court, and CUTTING was compelled to sign a retraction. He then crossed the Rio Grande into Texas, and again published the assertion that MEDINA was a swindler, which he circulated in Mexico. He was arrested in Mexico and confined for a month, and was then offered his liberty upon bail. This he refused, because he had appealed to the United States government for redress. The State Department, upon the ground that CUTTING had been arrested and imprisoned in Mexico for an act committed in the United States, demanded his surrender. Governor IRELAND, of Texas, foolishly telegraphed to Secretary BAYARD that if the national government did not act promptly, the State of Texas would take care of herself—that is, would make war on Mexico; and cowboys and frontier filibusters generally were instantly in an uproar of excitement for the national honor, and eager to begin the fray.

Meanwhile the case was pending in the Supreme Court of Chihuahua, whose decision was promptly rendered. The court holds that CUTTING has committed an offence which is a crime under Mexican law; that the retraction or act of conciliation would have been satisfactory had it been honestly complied with, but as it was not complied with, the crime remains. The evidence of non-compliance is the renewed publication of the libel in the American paper, which is not a new offence, but the continuation of that already begun in Mexico; and even if the publication had been first made in Texas, which is not admitted, the circulation of it by CUTTING in Mexico is an offence under the Mexican law. According to the statement of an American lawyer: "Mr. CUTTING was convicted of repetition of a libel first published in Mexico and reprinted more virulently in a Texas paper, which he then brought over and distributed in Mexico, and it was the distribution in Mexico of the second libel, and not the printing of the same in Texas, for which he was convicted, the libel having been read by three or more persons, as required by the statute of the State of Chihuahua. Mr. CUTTING pleaded in bar to the jurisdiction of the Mexican court that the paper had been printed in Texas. He did not, however, deny that the paper had been circulated on the Mexican side, which was the fact, numerous copies having been seized there by order of the court. This aspect of the case takes away the phase of a conflict of the law of the two countries."

The point of international law in the case is the question whether CUTTING should be unconditionally surrendered, because a citizen of the United States cannot be tried in Mexico for an offence committed in the United States. As a general proposition this is undoubtedly true, and it is unquestionably a sound principle. But Mr. FOSTER, our late Minister to Mexico, and an accomplished authority in international law, holds that there is no such general agreement upon this point as to make it a principle of international law. The Mexican law upon the subject is not a new one, and its operation has been known to the United States. In 1880 our Minister to Mexico describes, in a letter to the State Department, the trial of a Mexican for a murder committed in Texas.

The Mexican Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. MARISCAL, has written to the Mexican Minister in Washington a full statement of the Mexican view. He quotes WHEATON and other American jurists in support of the Mexican claim for jurisdiction over offences committed against Mexicans on foreign territory. M. MARISCAL cites Judge STORY, who, in reviewing a New York decision, says that "although the laws of every country are in their nature local, yet an offence may be committed in one sovereignty in violation of the laws of another, and, if the offender be afterward found in the latter state, he may be punished according to the laws thereof, and the fact that he owes allegiance to another sovereignty cannot be pleaded as a bar to indictment."

M. MARISCAL expresses perfect confidence in the friendly disposition of our government, and it is plainly a case of friendly agreement. With this view Mr. ARTHUR G. SEDGWICK, an accomplished lawyer of New York, who has made an especial study of international law, has been sent by the State Department to Mexico to open negotiations.

There is no need of bluster and bad blood. The bellicose Governor of Texas holds that if we submit to the view of this case taken by Mexico, every editor in the United States who may say something offensive to the Government of Mexico may be arrested and punished when he is caught in that country. But the Governor misapprehends the assumption of Mexico, which is not only that it has jurisdiction over certain offences committed on foreign soil, but that the offence was committed in Mexico by a person subject to Mexican laws. It is, we repeat, not a case to be adjusted by cow-boys and freebooters, but by self-possessed and competent negotiators, and if Secretary BAYARD has taken action upon misinformation, he will undoubtedly reconsider it, and take steps to maintain the honor of the United States and the rights of its citizens in a manner becoming to the dignity of a great government.

THE TEMPERANCE ISSUE IN NEW YORK.

AT the election of this autumn in New York the only important State office to be filled is that of Judge of the Court of Appeals. There has been for some time a controversy in the Republican press of the State upon the question of holding a Convention to make a nomination. The last Convention authorized the State Committee to make a nomination if such a course should seem to be agreeable to the party in the State. The Committee recently met, and after hearing an earnest plea from Republican temperance men in favor of a Convention, decided that it was inexpedient, and no Convention will be held. The only reason offered is the expense, which is, of course, a pretext, and not a reason. The actual reasons are that the managers do not wish to declare the position of the party upon the temperance question, nor to risk any change in the present factional character of the Committee, and in general that in the present political situation the least said is soonest mended. Upon the whole, this is not an impolitic decision. It is, indeed, a confession that the party is sure neither of its principles nor of its prospects, and that success will depend, not upon conviction, but upon management. It is, however, undeniable that in such a situation a Convention and a free debate might be very injurious, because it would disclose the want of party harmony.

Senators MILLER and EVARTS and other party leaders have devoted their eloquence since 1884 mainly to elucidating the proposition that our government is one of party, that every good citizen ought to join a party, and support its candidates and its acts, whatever they may be. But any reasonable theory of party must begin with the admission that it is an organization to secure certain specific objects and to promote a general policy. Consequently the more plainly these ends are defined and that policy expounded, the stronger the hold of the party upon public sympathy and support. The Republican party in its great day never hesitated to declare its principles proudly and gladly, and to appeal to the national conscience and intelligence to sustain them. That great day has passed, and the only honest claim that it can now prefer to the support of the country is that its principles and policy are better, and the probability of its faithful enforcement of them greater, than those of the Democratic party. When, therefore, in the largest and politically the most important State in the Union the Republican managers evade a declaration of the party position upon immediate and pressing questions, it is evident that they are afraid to have it known, and hope that its former position upon other questions may stop inquiry and satisfy the voters.

That, notwithstanding this fact, such silence should be politic merely discloses a situation which cannot cheer any old Republican. The conclusion to avoid a Convention, however necessary under the circumstances, merely adds another incident to the dismal record since 1884. The Aqueduct bill, the most audacious and corrupt job since TWEED, and, like TWEED'S, a deal for the benefit of politicians of both sides by secret treachery, was the chief work of the late Republican Legislature; and this is followed by the refusal to satisfy the great multitude of temperance Republicans by a party declaration upon that subject, although the same Republican Legislature made a deliberate bid for the favor of the saloon. No temperance appeal is made to the Democratic party, because it is known that it would be useless, and that that party would do nothing to alienate the liquor interest. The fact that it is made to the Republicans, that a National Republican Temperance Conference has been called, and that delegates have been appointed from several States, shows how strong is the temperance feeling in the party. Will any Republican insist that the course of the party since 1884 proves it to be more united, harmonious, and surer of victory than ever? Is it not, indeed, one of the worst signs of its real condition that if a Republican calls attention to such facts, he is summarily denounced as a deputy Democrat or an unspeakable Mugwump? The Republican party was not formed as a temperance party. It is not bound by any kind of obligation to declare for prohibition. But if its silence when urged to speak is politic because it could not speak satisfactorily to temperance Republicans, is it not also hazardous? Is not such silence emphatic speech? As against the Democratic party, silence cannot gain the liquor vote. But may it not lose the temperance vote? Would not the party in New York be stronger if the Republican Legislature had not truckled to the saloon, and had refused to enter into corrupt political partnership with SQUIRE and FLYNN?

THE SQUIRE-FLYNN FRAUD AND THE ELECTIONS.

THE revelations in the SQUIRE-FLYNN scheme probably seem to many depressed observers to justify the feeling that honest municipal government is impossible. It is only fourteen years since the exposure of the criminal conspiracy of TWEED and his accomplices and the great citizens' movement which led to the dispersion of the gang and the punishment and exile of its chiefs. It was happily a peaceful solution of a situation which at one time threatened to be one of the most dangerous in our history, and one not to be dealt with, probably, but by extreme measures. In his "Apologia" upon the subject, Mr. TILDEN, who felt that his relation to the Democratic party during the TWEED ascendency required some explanation, endeavored to show that he was no more indifferent to the situation than everybody else. There was undoubtedly a general feeling that relief was hopeless, and that popular government in a great city like New York had completely failed. And even when the *Times* had published the facts of the plot and the figures and details of the frauds, and after the Ring was plainly overthrown, despite its crafty and desperate struggle, and when there was the general turn out of honest citizens at the election of 1872, it was still felt that the public excitement and indignation were but a spasm of virtue which would soon exhaust itself and be succeeded by knavery similar to that of the TWEED Ring, and that the city would still be swindled and the public money be stolen *in sæcula sæculorum.*

This apprehension has been verified up to this time, as the SQUIRE and FLYNN plot proves. The Aqueduct Commission bill was the culmination of swindling schemes of which politicians of both parties were the agents, and of which the public was to be the victim. The schemes formed a conspiracy in which prominent politicians, including the Governor of the State, were involved. It is stated without reserve that a copy of the SQUIRE-FLYNN letter was shown to the Governor when the bill was before him, and that he signed it with the full knowledge that it excluded the Mayor and Comptroller from the Commission, and substituted for them certain politicians and the Commissioner of Public Works, who, to the Governor's knowledge, had made an illegal and corrupt bargain with FLYNN in regard to the conduct of his office. "TWEED'S Governor" always seemed to be a helpless instrument rather than an active confederate. But Governor HILL, if—as the *Evening Post* says that it knows—he signed the bill after receiving the letter, is certainly not a helpless instrument. If, knowing that SQUIRE had made the corrupt bargain with FLYNN of which the letter is the proof, and for which they have both been indicted, Governor HILL approved SQUIRE'S appointment to a most important official responsibility, the fact should be conclusive against any further public confidence in him, and against the possibility of his political promotion.

The exposure of the plot is in great part due to Mr. IVINS, the city Comptroller, who obtained the original letter and caused it to be published. In order to do this, he maintained relations with the persons concerned until he had secured his object. He has told the story plainly, and the attempt to divert attention from the real offenders by holding up Mr. IVINS to public censure as a practical confederate has failed utterly, and recoils upon those who have made the

charge, covering them with suspicion. Politicians and newspapers of both parties are involved in the conspiracy. The chief moral guilt rests with the Republican Legislature which passed the bill to carry the conspiracy into effect, and with the Democratic Governor who signed it, notwithstanding the protest which showed the plot. The New York *Tribune* denounced HARPER'S WEEKLY as a slanderer of the Legislature, because, upon the adjournment, in a review of the session, and especially of its conduct in fostering "the monstrous job" of the Aqueduct bill and in passing the infamous BRUNS bill to a third reading, the WEEKLY stated that it had greatly discredited and injured the Republican party. The event has justified everything that the WEEKLY said. If the Democratic Governor knew of the SQUIRE letter, undoubtedly leading members of the Republican majority of the Legislature knew of it, and they must accept all the responsibility which such knowledge carried with it. The whole transaction reveals the situation. It shows how utterly unmeaning will be the mere partisan name and appeal in the legislative elections of this year. Every honest and intelligent voter in the State can now see that a candidate's profession of interest in an honest vote in Mississippi does not prevent his dishonest vote in New York. If the people of New York wish to secure a Legislature which will not pass aqueduct bills and BRUNS bills and saloon bills, they must look, beyond the fact of a regular party nomination, at the character and probable conduct of the candidate. There was never a time when the familiar exhortation was more applicable, "Get the Best," without regard to the label.

THE SILLY SEASON IN POLITICS.

A "PROMINENT politician" on the hotel piazza at Saratoga is reported in the *Herald* to have said:

"There seems to be no great political issue before the country at the present time, and that is the reason why in this 'era of good feeling' this nonsensical idea of civil service reform comes to the front. Let the parties be divided as they were in 1860 on the question of the extension of slavery, or as they may be in the near future on the question of temperance, and all this Mugwumpian foolishness could not obtain a footing for a day. It is only in the absence of burning, living issues that it could receive even toleration at all, or that so-called 'Independents' could exist. When there is a genuine fight in progress men don't stand between the lines, but range themselves on one side or the other."

This fancy that party victory upon an absorbing issue necessarily leads to treating the great multitude of places in the civil service as spoils is effectually demolished by the facts. There was never a more exciting and significant party victory than the election of JEFFERSON. The dispute over the result very nearly wrecked the government at the very outset. But JEFFERSON gave his views of Mugwumpian foolishness quite as forcibly as the Saratoga statesman. He said:

"Some removals, I know, must be made. They must be as few as possible, done gradually, and bottomed on some malversation or inherent disqualification. Good men to whom there is no objection but a difference of political opinion, practised on only so far as the right of a private citizen will justify, are not proper subjects of removal."

JEFFERSON, perhaps, was as shrewd a politician and as intelligent a political philosopher as Petroleum Nasby.

There was a "great political issue" before the people of England at the late election in that country. There was, indeed, as the "prominent politician" expresses it, "a genuine fight in progress," and men didn't "stand between the lines," but ranged themselves in the most positive and resolute way upon one side or the other. Of course, therefore, according to the wise "prominent politician," the Mugwumpian foolishness was ignored, and there was a clean sweep of all the post-offices. Not at all. Not a postmaster was changed in consequence of the result. A postmaster's fitness to distribute letters is not held in England to depend upon his view of a wise policy in Ireland. "Prominent politicians" know very little of the facts which upset their pretty theories, and no class of our fellow-citizens talk more nonsense in a shorter time.

THE TILDEN LIBRARY.

THE reproach against the city of New York that it has not a great free public library will be soon removed. The beginning was made by the library on Bond Street and by the OTTENDORFER library, which have proved two most important facts—that there is urgent need of such libraries, and that the books will be carefully used and not stolen. The Apprentices' and Tradesmen's Library, established more than sixty years ago, will henceforth be open to the public; and a most valuable public benefit such a library will be, as a collection especially suitable to young men and women whose pursuits and means of livelihood are mainly mechanical trades.

To this supply will now be added the free circulating library designed by Mr. TILDEN, and for which his will makes ample provision. This will undoubtedly supersede the enterprise suggested to the Legislature last winter, and which had an uncomfortable air of jobbery. It is a noble bequest and monument, and it secures for Mr. TILDEN'S name an honorable and grateful remembrance which his political career alone would not have given to it. The management of the trust for this purpose created by the will is a difficult and delicate duty, in the discharge of which the advice of Mr. BIGELOW, one of the trustees, will be of very great service. He is a man of letters, who knows what a good general library should be, and who knows, also, what is indispensable, the experts who should be consulted in the general distribution and collection of the books.

Happily it may be assumed that this great boon to the city will be secured, as its generous donor designed, without delay and without any kind of trickery. Mr. TILDEN also provided in his will for a free public library at New Lebanon, and for a free reading-room at Yonkers. Such a consecration of a great fortune to beneficent public uses is another of the many similar illustrations in our recent history of a true public spirit upon the part of rich men. The unfeigned honor which attends such acts is a constant stimulus to others, and it is a good sign that it is now becoming a reproach to the owner of a great fortune not to devote a liberal share of it to the public benefit.

NOW AND THEN.

"A KANSAS Mugwump," in commenting upon Senator INGALLS'S description of independent voters as eunuchs, says:

"Our Senator would be nothing if not inconsistent. He is notable as an instance of admiration for the party whip and machine methods, since he has become of high authority within the machine. In 1864 the Republican party of Kansas was dominated by JAMES H. LANE, United States Senator, who prostituted the public service to repay his henchmen for doing his dirty work—many of them willing servitors. The result of LANE'S arrogance and reckless use of the public patronage was the disruption of the Republican party in Kansas into the LANE and anti-LANE camps. The LANE camp was the regular machine.

"In the State campaign of 1864 two Republican tickets were in the field—one nominated by LANE'S Convention, and one by the antis. The candidate on the latter ticket for Lieutenant-Governor was JOHN JAMES INGALLS, now our United States Senator, who did valiant service in the campaign, which was brief in consequence of General PRICE'S raid into Kansas; but INGALLS arraigned LANE in his now somewhat notorious style, but with vigor and effect, for LANE'S prostitution of the public service. One not unnaturally queries, Was INGALLS then of the 'eunuchs,' or only nearer right and truer to his own real instinct, with youth's contempt for mere numbers?"

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S ANSWER.

THE Attorney-General has answered the complaint of ROGERS, the Pan-Electric manager. He had intended to get rid of his certificates of right to stock, but when the House ordered an investigation he thought it best to await the result, and he now asks that the company be wound up and the corporation dissolved. The personal honesty of the Attorney-General has not been seriously called in question. It was his judgment and sense of propriety that were discredited, and the answer that he now makes does not affect the general opinion of his conduct or the general sense of the impropriety of his remaining in the cabinet.

AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

IN speaking of Mayor GRACE'S administration as distinguished by the introduction of the reformed system, we should rather have said by its establishment. It will be remembered that in 1883, during the first year of his term, Mayor EDSON availed himself of the option of the Civil Service act of that year, and prescribed rules for admission to the civil service which were drafted by Colonel BURT. In 1884, when the act was amended to comprehend all the departments of the city, he appointed Messrs. WHEELER, GODKIN, and ROBINSON to draw new regulations, which, with some modifications, are still in force. Mayor EDSON, as recent disclosures prove, had not a lofty sense of official duty, but it is only fair to record such facts as we mention. The effective reform work, as we stated, has been established by the hearty coöperation of Mayor GRACE. But the scaffolding was erected under Mayor EDSON.

The administration of Mayor GRACE has been violently assailed. But the attacks have been of that kind and have proceeded from those sources which make attacks compliments and tributes. He has been even charged with pursuing SQUIRE with relentless animosity, as if relentless animosity were not the proper official feeling of the chief magistrate of the city toward great public offenders and plunderers of the people. He has been accused of aiming at the fall of SQUIRE in order to serve his own ambition. But simultaneously with the exposure of the whole rascality of the new ring he announces his purpose not to ask a reëlection.

If the position of the Mayor of New York be truly apprehended, it will be conceded that the course of Mayor GRACE has justified the action of those who supported him as a reform candidate, and the city is not likely to secure a successor comparable to him if the election is to be a party contest.

THE TORY PRINCE ROYAL.

IT is a significant and not a reassuring result of the late election in England that it brings Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL into the second place in the cabinet, with the unpleasant suspicion that he represents his party more accurately than the Prime Minister. There is naturally great uneasiness over his prominence, but also a general confession that his promotion was necessary, because the Tory party could furnish no other adequate leader of the House of Commons. This is an extraordinary acknowledgment, but it is apparently true. The Conservative "Member of Parliament" who writes to the *Herald* asserts that the great Liberal party which has virtually governed England for fifty years, or since the first Reform bill, has been practically dissolved by Mr. GLADSTONE. If this be true, it is certainly no less true that the long exclusion of the Tories from responsible power has apparently deprived them of political ability.

The Tory leader, Lord SALISBURY, conscious that the election did not mean confidence in the Tory party, but merely opposition to dissolution of the union with Ireland, begged Lord HARTINGTON, the political chief of that opposition, to take the post of Prime Minister. This was, in a certain sense, a logical proposition. But the sentiment which Lord HARTINGTON represents has not formed a party, and his support must have come from the Tories. To accept, therefore, would have been practically to enter the Tory party, and for that Lord HARTINGTON was not prepared. His position shows the error of "A Member of Parliament." The Liberal party is probably not yet dissolved, but it will either undergo a change which will leave Lord HARTINGTON as its chief, or there will be a reorganization of parties.

It is not probable that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL can play the part of Lord BEACONSFIELD, and make himself the representative of a strong English sentiment. As the truth becomes more evident that some kind of home rule must be granted to Ireland, and that home rule does not mean dissolution of the Union, the alarm which gives Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL his prominence will subside. Meanwhile in the House of Commons he will have to encounter the ablest and most experienced debaters in England, and he cannot count upon any hearty support from Lord HARTINGTON and his friends except upon the one question of Irish union. His success in the Commons would make him the heir-apparent of the Tory crown.

PERSONAL.

THE late WILSON G. HUNT at a reception one evening heard a young man express a desire for a drink of whiskey. "It's the worst liquid, my friend," said he, "you can take into your stomach, and I will prove it to you." He then obtained a piece of raw beef, and put it in a glass of whiskey. In half an hour or so he took the piece out, and asked his friend to feel of it. It was almost as tough as leather.

—A theatrical manager was asked if Madame BERNHARDT'S recent appearance in a police court in South America would injure her professionally. "Not at all," he replied; "but an actress like Miss FORTESCUE would have been ruined by it."

—From a letter written by a recently married young man to his sister: "My wife and I start next Monday for Lake George, and shall remain two weeks. She has so much to do. How curious it is that a girl never knows how destitute she is until she starts to go away! Then she needs everything, and yet, when she gets back, has no more to wear than a month before she started."

—The most prominent notice posted in the District Attorney's office in this city is: "Smoking prohibited. By order, RANDOLPH B. MARTINE, District Attorney." The next prominent: "This office closes at twelve o'clock on Saturdays." And the next: "No fees or charges should be paid for any services performed by any employé of this office. By order, RANDOLPH B. MARTINE, District Attorney." Some reporters and attendants smoke there nevertheless.

—General LEW WALLACE, recently United States Minister to Turkey, says that the Turks love their children, are afraid of women, do not get drunk, are the devoutest and politest of peoples, and always brave and heroic. For the ability and character of the present Sultan he has the highest esteem.

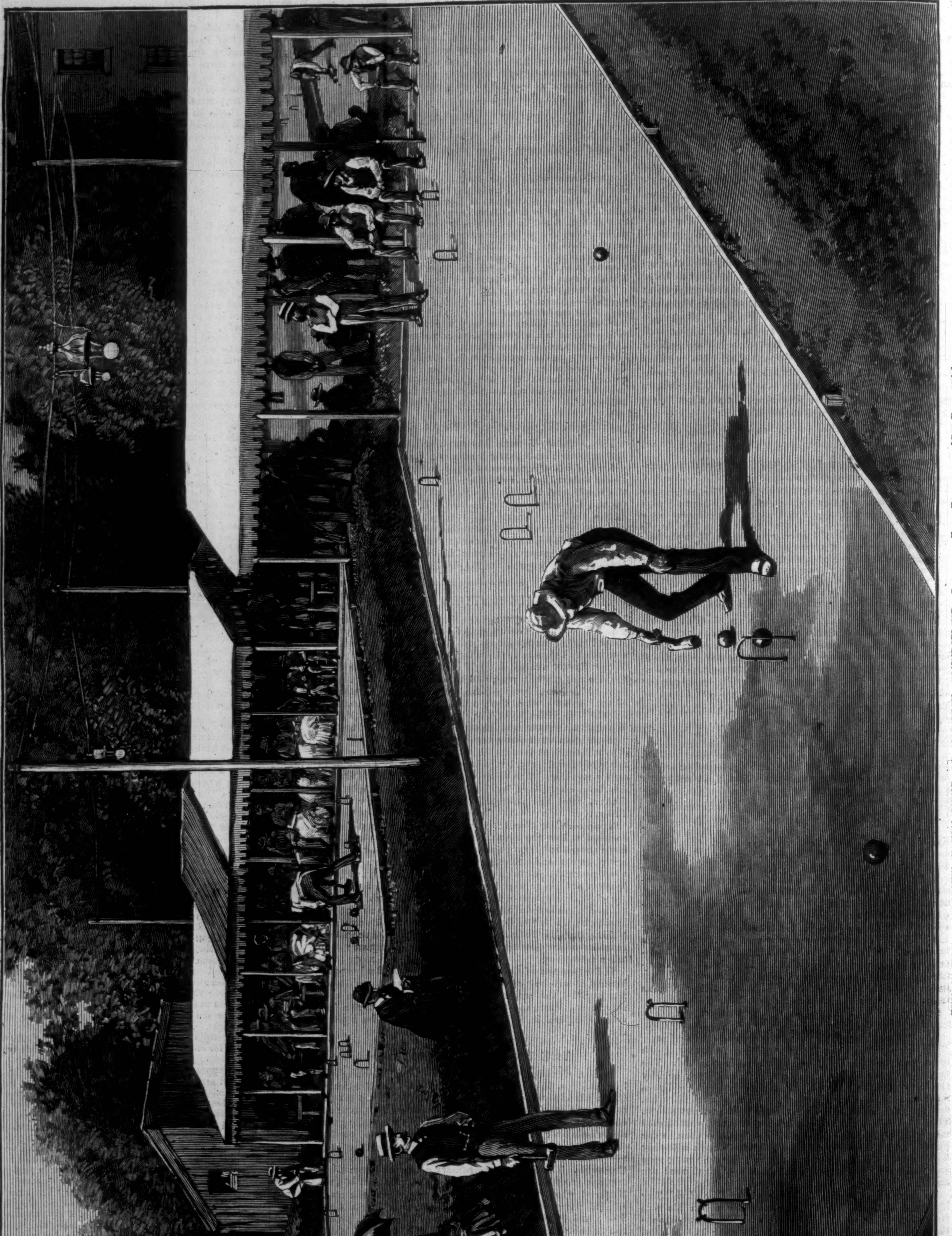
—The *World* prints an interesting article on T. DE THULSTRUP, "the name which so frequently appears on engravings in HARPER'S WEEKLY," and accompanies it with a portrait of that artist. "In stature," we learn, "he is of medium height, with broad shoulders, expansive chest, and a well-filled waistcoat. There is a quiet dignity in his manner which relaxes most pleasantly in conversation. Among his fellow-artists he is highly spoken of, and his work ranks with that of the first. His drawings are always bright and full of life. The most noteworthy, perhaps, of a recent period are his illustrations of General GRANT'S sickness and death, the inauguration ball, and President CLEVELAND'S marriage. His pen-and-ink drawings in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have also attracted attention. He is a member of the American Water-color Society and the Salmagundi Club." Mr. DE THULSTRUP was a captain in the Franco-German war, and has had a long military experience.

—Senator JOHN P. JONES, of Nevada, declares that he makes it a rule never to resist a burglar or a highwayman, being unwilling to run the risk of having a bullet put into his head. "I always surrender, and tell them I believe in everybody's carrying on his natural vocation without any opposition; and I further explain to them that, being a society man, I pay no attention to individual struggles for life." A distinguished criminal lawyer of this city pronounces the Senator's course to be not only sagacious, but in every respect legal. "The law," he says, "does not require you to endanger your life in defending your property; and though most people would call you a coward if you surrendered, I am inclined to think that you would really be a philosopher."

—Did Madame PATTI really receive $5000 every time she sang in opera in this country in 1883–4? Some doubt that she did has often been expressed, but Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY'S agent, Mr. MARCUS R. MAYER, declares that he heard Mr. ABBEY offer her that sum in the presence of a well-known lawyer, and that she refused it, after several days' consideration. He therefore believes that Colonel MAPLESON, under whose management she sang, paid her at least $5000 a night, and perhaps more. Had Mr. ABBEY succeeded in securing Madame PATTI'S services, his losses during that memorable first season at the Metropolitan Opera-house would, in his judgment, have been small. He already had NILSSON, and the gross receipts when she sang were enormous: $14,880 the opening night, in *Faust*; $5680 at the next matinée, in *Faust*; $5000 in *Mignon*; $6000 in *Lohengrin*; $5500 again in *Faust*, and so on; but when she did not appear, the gross receipts were only about $2000 a night. He thinks that had he been able to secure PATTI also, the receipts when she sang would have been $9000 or $10,000 a night, for at a PATTI concert in Brooklyn in 1881 they were $8000.

—An old man appeared before a French justice of the peace, a few days ago, and asked for assistance. "I am driven to do so," he said, "by the misery to which I am reduced. For thirty years I have lived at Montreuil, and been employed by the state as an architectural sculptor. I had ten sons, all of whom grew up. Seven were killed in the last war. Two died from the hardships of the campaign of the Loire, and the last is employed in a piano factory, but earns a wretched salary." An investigation showed that the story was true, and the French Chamber will be asked to give the man, whose name is FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE BOBAND, a pension, in consideration of the nine sons whom he gave to his country.

—A correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY writes: "The late ex-President JOHN MACLEAN, of Princeton College, was beloved by his pupils to an extraordinary degree. When any of my classmates was sick, he was sure to be taken to 'JOHNNIE'S' house and nursed as tenderly as an infant would be; and whenever any of them feared that his grade would be so low as to cause him to be 'dropped,' his first business was to cross the campus and have a talk with the Doctor on the subject of personal religion. I distinctly recall several cases where that remedy worked like a charm. One of the laziest and least godly of my classmates once saved himself from expulsion by consulting the Doctor on the meaning of a verse in the Epistle to the Romans and borrowing a commentary. During prayers in the college chapel the Doctor used to keep his eyes open in order to 'spot' the boys who tried to leave the building surreptitiously. At Bible-class on Sunday afternoons, when several chapters in Leviticus had been assigned as a lesson, he often assisted with leading questions, such as 'Ugh, Mr. SMITH, if a man murders his wife, what shall he be put to?' 'To death, Doctor,' was the prompt reply. I shall never forget the great kindliness of his honest heart."



THE NATIONAL CROQUET TOURNAMENT AT NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 551.]

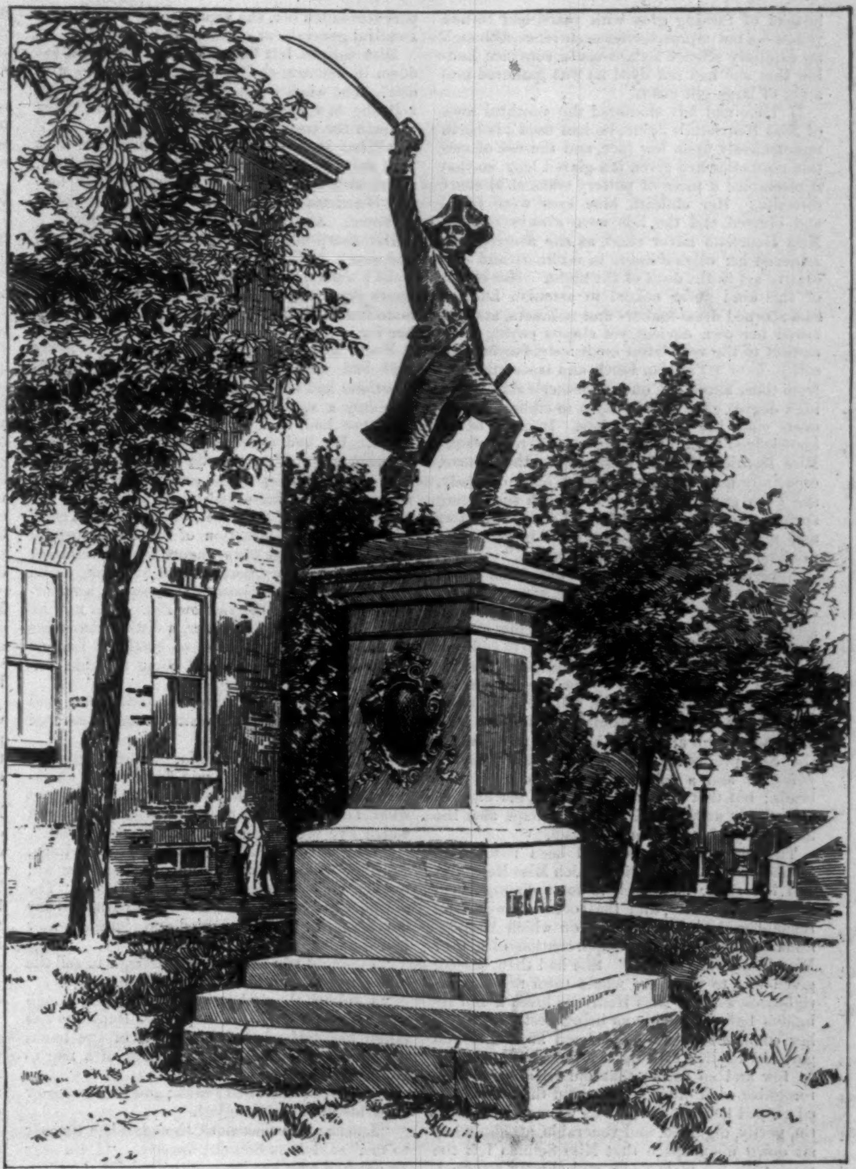
THE DE KALB STATUE.

The unveiling of the statue of Baron De Kalb at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 16th inst. was not only an interesting event in itself, but was important as being the fulfilment, after a great many years, of a pledge on the part of the United States government, made in the form of a Congressional resolution, to honor the memory of a gallant foreigner who died while fighting for the freedom of this country. General the Baron John De Kalb was killed at the battle of Camden, 1780, and in the following October the Continental Congress resolved that a monument should be erected to his memory in the city of Annapolis. It has taken one hundred and six years to carry out the will of that Congressional mandate, and Secretary of State Bayard, in accepting the statue on behalf of the government last week, was led to quote effectively those familiar lines,

> "The Nation, meanly wise and slowly just,
> To buried merit rears the tardy bust."

The unveiling of the statue at Annapolis was made the occasion for an imposing military and civic display. The venerable and quiet city was invaded by at least ten thousand people from surrounding points, and in the presence of many United States naval officers, cadets, and marines, the entire State militia of Maryland, the Governor and his staff, and numerous civic societies and German musical associations, the drapery was lifted from the bronze, a national salute ringing out at that moment from the guns at the Naval Academy. The statue, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, represents the distinguished German soldier in the uniform of the Continental army leading the fatal charge on the field of Camden. It is by Mr. Ephraim Keyser, to whom the commission for the work was given by Secretary Frelinghuysen. Mr. Keyser is a native of Baltimore, who, after graduating at the Maryland Institute Art School and Maryland Academy of Art, continued his studies at Munich and at Berlin, taking medals of honor at both places. Since 1878 he has resided at Rome, where the De Kalb statue was modelled and cast. It is nine feet two inches in height, exclusive of the raised arm, and was cast by the wax process by G. B. Bastianelli, of Rome. The pedestal, also designed by Mr. Keyser, is of Maryland granite, and is twelve feet six inches in height. On either side of this fine granite block are the arms of Maryland and Delaware, and on the front the following inscription, the wording of which was directed by the resolution of 1780:

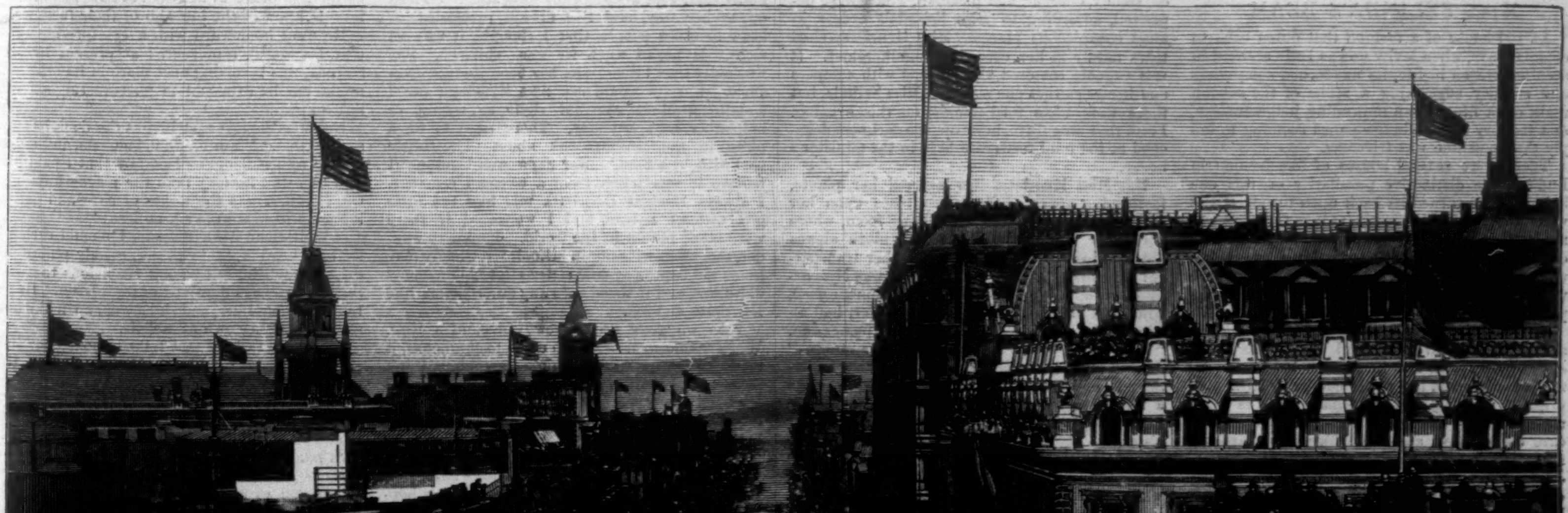
"Sacred to the Memory of the Baron De Kalb, Knight of the Royal Order of Military Merit, Brigadier of the Armies of France, and Major-General in the Service of the United States of America. Having served with honor and reputation for three years, he gave a last and glorious proof of his attachment to the Liberties of Mankind and the cause of America in the action near Camden, in the State of South Carolina, on the 16th August, 1780, where, leading on the troops of the Maryland and Delaware Lines against superior numbers, and animating them by his example to deeds of valour, he was pierced with many wounds, and on the 19th following expired, in the 48th year of his age. The Congress of the United States of America, in gratitude to his zeal, services, and merit, have erected this monument."



THE STATUE OF BARON DE KALB AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.
Photographed by Bachrach & Brother, Baltimore.

The statue, which was dedicated with Masonic ceremonial rites conducted by the Grand Lodge of Maryland, stands on a knoll within and at the south end of the State-House grounds, and faces due south.

Although the services of General De Kalb to this country during the Revolutionary war are familiar to all, there is perhaps little generally known concerning his early life and achievements. He was the son of John Leonard Kalb, a farmer of Huttendorf, in the Margraviate of Baireuth, Germany, was born on the 29th of June, 1721, and began life as a waiter in the inn at his native village. As may be imagined, he did not remain thus engaged very long. At the age of twenty-two he had crossed into France and become a lieutenant of French infantry. His progress from one rank to another was regular and rapid. In 1764, having then become a lieutenant-colonel of infantry, he married the daughter of a French nobleman, and coming thus into possession of wealth and fortune, retired for a time from active military life. In 1768 he paid his first visit to America, having been deputed by the French Minister of State De Choiseul to investigate the reports of discontent in the American colonies. Talleyrand, in speaking of De Choiseul, has said: "Of all the men of our age, he possessed the greatest foresight. As early as 1769 he felt assured of the separation of America from England." He might have added that these assurances on the part of the French Minister were obtained through the successful mission of his trusted agent De Kalb. Through this trip of Baron De Kalb to America he appears to have formed a warm personal attachment to the cause of American liberty, and when the crisis of 1776 arrived, De Kalb was prompt in tendering his sword and services to the Continental representatives at Paris. It was at his instance that Lafayette and fifteen French officers were induced to cast their fortunes with the struggling colonies. De Kalb arrived with Lafayette in this country in 1777. His subsequent career and the distinguished services he rendered to America are a part of the history of Revolutionary times. He was highly esteemed by Washington, and participated in the most important councils of war. It was of De Kalb that Washington spoke these words: "The generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles and to water with his blood the tree of liberty."



PARADE OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC IN SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 3.—Photographed by Taber.—[See Page 558.]

THE FUNERAL.

[Continued from front page.]

"Now He didn' give you dat baby, by a hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an' He lend it for a while!
An' He let you keep an' love it, till your hearts was bigger grown;
An' dese silver tears you're sheddin's jest de interest on de loan.

"Here yer oder pretty chilrun!—don't be makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'nop'lized by dis little fellow here;
Don' pile up too much your sorrow on deir little mental shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no account demselves!

"Just you think, you poor deah mounahs, creepin' 'long o'er Sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got to-day!
Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fellow round
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation Ground.

"An' dey ask him 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his little shoes,
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say, 'Now what's de news?'
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose; den de little fellow say,
'All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de hebbenly way.'

"An his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty things he view;
Den a tear come, an' he whisper, 'But I want my paryents, too!'
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little song;
Says, 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will soon be comin' 'long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will proberbly be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big school-house, widout no contempt or fear;
While dere's no end to de bad tings might have happened to him here.

"So, my poorah dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don' go to critercisin' dat ar One w'at knows de best!
He have sent us many comforts—He have right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and ever!
—Let us pray."

MISS SELINDA'S BEAM.

An old house of a fashion that dated back to colonial days, when levity was as little allowed in architecture as in life, its unadorned squareness and solidity suggesting a sense of the solemn realities of life and an impending judgment-day, and its very small window-panes seeming to imply that sunshine was frivolous.

There were several houses of like fashion in Ludlow, the distinctive peculiarity of this one being that it turned its back upon the street. It was quite the fashion in the village for houses to modestly withdraw themselves and face their gardens, leaving their sides toward the street, but this complete withdrawal of the minister's house was unique, and added to the severity of its appearance.

"The minister's house" it was always called, although the Reverend Saul Dudley, its latest clerical occupant, had long since been gathered to his fathers, and had never made any strong impression upon the Ludlow mind except as being the son of his father, for he was a man of delicate constitution and little force of character, and had married a wife not of New England origin, who was suspected of worldliness and disdain of Ludlow society. Both he and his wife had died young, and ungentle thoughts are apt to be buried quickly in young graves, and Ludlow made much of the two little girls who were left; but when they spoke of the minister in connection with the old house, it was the old minister, his father, who was in their minds—the Reverend Peleg Dudley, a sound and eminent divine, whose printed works occupied a whole shelf in the town library, albeit in a somewhat dusty and musty condition. The old house was sadly lacking in paint, and the fence showed traces of unprofessional and even womanly proppings, but the Lombardy poplar that was as old as the house still held itself upright in green austerity, and the lineal descendants of the hollyhocks and marigolds and tiger-lilies of the old divine's time decorated the borders of the prim garden walks. On the little grass-plot—too small to be called a lawn—which lay between the back of the house and the street stood a terra-cotta vase, of astonishing modernness and triviality, containing tropical-looking plants with large and gorgeous leaves: that some of them were artificial was evident to the most casual observer. They were Miss Henrietta's; it sufficiently explained the *outré* and the marvellous to the Ludlow mind that Miss Henrietta was at the bottom of them.

She came out to water her plants on the June morning when this little chronicle begins: a lithe and slender figure, as trim as when she was twenty, in a dress of sea-green lawn, with voluminous draperies, and made after a fashion which Ludlow wot not of; around her neck was a marvellous confection of pink satin and deep frills of old lace, and her yellow hair (Miss Henrietta's hair, instead of turning gray with years, had turned yellow—a not unprecedented occurrence, although no capillary science extant could convince Ludlow that she had not dyed it) was gathered into a net of large gilt beads.

If Time had left unaltered the youthful lines of Miss Henrietta's figure, he had used his burin remorselessly upon her face, and the use of certain cosmetics had given it a glazed look, so that it resembled a piece of pottery cracked in every direction. Her childish blue eyes were faded and blurred, and the lids were always swollen. Miss Henrietta never slept, as she averred, and achieved her *chefs-d'œuvre* in millinery and decorative art in the dead of the night. Her efforts of this kind never ceased to astonish Ludlow. She scorned dress-makers and milliners, and followed her own devices, yet always paying some respect to the very latest mode: she fancied herself to have a Parisian touch and taste inherited from those ancestors, on her mother's side, whose high degree gave her the right to embroider coronets upon her handkerchiefs. It must be acknowledged that in aiming at the picturesque Miss Henrietta was very apt to hit the bizarre, especially now when, a withered little old lady, she grew gayer and gayer with each succeeding spring—which was "right contr'y to both nater and grace," as Jane Tozier, the "help" at the minister's house, was "free to confess."

Nevertheless, young Ludlow was often heard to declare that she looked better, after all, than commonplace people, and to wish that she would go to church to brighten up the sombre congregation.

That Miss Henrietta seldom did go to church, and was not "a professor"—she, the descendant of a line of Puritan divines, and Miss Selinda's sister—was a crying scandal in Ludlow. She had once set up an oratory in a little room, which she had previously called her boudoir, with a *prie-dieu* and a tall crucifix and candles and beads; but that had not lasted long, her aim being merely artistic effect, and perhaps also the unholy joy of horrifying the town.

The candles had afterward been reduced to secular uses at a reception which Miss Henrietta and her sister had given to some distinguished visitors to Ludlow, and that occasion was long remembered as the only one on which Miss Selinda had ever shown disapprobation of any of Miss Henrietta's "ways." She had then, indeed, given way to what the whole town regarded as righteous wrath. Miss Henrietta loved a dim religious light (probably as being best adapted to her complexion), and considered any other vulgar, and on this evening her waxen tapers were so few and so feeble that old friends failed to recognize each other's faces, and the near-sighted groped helplessly. It was when old Dr. Martin, portly, dignified, and venerable, attempted to sit down upon space that Miss Selinda left the room with fire in her eye, and shortly returned, followed by Jane Tozier and the boy in buttons (whom Miss Selinda always costumed for such occasions), each bearing kerosene lamps, cracked, smoky, odorous, and plebeian, which were deposited, according to Miss Selinda's orders, in most conspicuous places. Miss Henrietta shed tears mildly in her coroneted handkerchief. It was vaguely rumored that it was with tempers and hysterics that she subdued Miss Selinda, but there were none forthcoming on this evening. From that time forth, however, the darkness deepened at the mild festivities held in the minister's house.

But Miss Henrietta has watered her plants, fastened a spray of Burgundy roses upon her corsage, and gone into the dining-room, where her sister Selinda, in an ancient black alpaca not guiltless of darns, is washing her transparent old china. A large stout woman was Miss Selinda, with high cheek-bones and a Roman nose, which, as indicative of strong character, had always been considered her rightful possession. "Nobody never had a Roman nose for nothin'," Jane Tozier had been heard to declare. Miss Selinda had also a pair of keen black eyes and a remarkably fresh complexion, and looked—as in fact she was—several years younger than her sister.

"I feel that strange fluttering at my heart again, and—I suppose you haven't noticed how white my lips are, Selinda?" said Miss Henrietta, in a forbearing tone. "I can't stay in a place that disagrees with me as Ludlow does in summer. It is quite providential that Mrs. Hofland wrote yesterday to ask me to go to Saratoga with her. As I feel that I must get away, I shall leave for New York this afternoon."

"Henrietta, where are you going to get the money?" Miss Selinda had dropped her towel and risen, and her stout frame trembled.

"There was my share of the pine timber money. I took it out of the bank yesterday. No one but me could manage with only three hundred dollars, but—"

"The mortgage money! Henrietta, they will sell this roof over our heads!" cried Miss Selinda, in a shrill voice. "I never ought to have let that money go out of my hands. I might have known."

"I certainly have a right to take my own money to save my life," said Miss Henrietta, with tears in her voice. "Oh, Selinda, you are so hard, so unfeeling! You think of nothing but money, money! I am afraid you will drive yourself crazy; and I know you would kill me if I didn't go away."

"Henrietta, can't you realize what it would be for us to be beggars?" said Miss Selinda.

"Those dreadful things never really happen. You've always been expecting them. Meacham can be put off again, as he always has been. At any rate, it's my first duty to save my life."

Miss Selinda sank into her chair with a groan. Miss Henrietta had been softly moving toward the door; she now softly opened it, and closed it behind her.

If she possessed those weapons with which report accredited her, she kept them in reserve, like a skilful general, for cases of necessity.

Miss Selinda left her china and went and sat down in her arm-chair by the sitting-room window. The window looked out upon the orchard, and she saw the flutter of a light print dress through the trees.

"What is Anne Gardner dawdling about at this time in the morning?" said Miss Selinda, aloud, although there was no one to hear her. "If Henrietta has done with her, she had better go home. And what is Frank after her for?"

Her sharp old eyes gazed through the leaves, and saw a dark cloth arm encircle a light print waist; a dark head drew near to a light one, and above the riotous trilling of a bird overhead Miss Selinda actually heard what Frank had gone after her for.

Frank was a disappointment, one of the many that had desolated Miss Selinda's life. Miss Henrietta had always thought him charming. He was only a second-cousin, but the nearest relative they had, and he had always called them aunts. He had a certain roughness and recklessness which Miss Selinda was sure were foreign to the Dudley blood, and these characteristics had been increased by his sojourn in the mining regions of the West, whither he had gone with the avowed intention of making a fortune in three years, and from whence he had returned in four with empty pockets and his pride, as he expressed it, in his boots, and accepted a subordinate position on the Ludlow *Bee*. And now he was courting Anne Gardner, a little seamstress of seventeen. Anne came of good old Ludlow stock, but Miss Selinda had come to value dollars above descent.

Frank came in and threw himself, boots and all, upon the pink and white cretonne-covered lounge.

"Frank," said Miss Selinda, "Satan reigns."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Frank, with cheerful acquiescence. "Indeed, although it isn't just what I was brought up to believe, it's a truth which I've been impressed with for some time."

"Oh! oh! Frank!" exclaimed Miss Selinda, as if she would repudiate the doctrine after all, but she braced herself grimly and bore it. "The old house is lost, and we haven't a corner to lay our heads in. I've struggled and planned—now I give up."

"I thought you had brought yourself to sell the pine grove?" said Frank, starting up.

"I did sell the timber, and I shed tears enough when it was cut to float it off; and Henrietta has taken her half of the money out of the bank, where I put it, to pay the expenses of a trip to Saratoga."

"W-h-e-w!" whistled Frank; and then he threw back his head and laughed.

"Laugh; it is ridiculous, though it is a tragedy to me," said Miss Selinda, bitterly. "I am only an old fool who has been outwitted for the thousandth time. I never opened my mouth about it before to a living soul. She's thrown her burdens on to me, and I've carried them patiently. I was born with a way of my own, and I've given up to her way, and I've always pretended, at least to other people, that I thought it was all right. It began when we were children. She was older than I then—she has been younger ever since. I never could see that Henrietta cared a mite whether she did right or wrong, or helped or hurt anybody. There used to be a piece in the reading-book about 'The Little Girl without a Soul.' Her name was Undine. I believe it was taken from a German romance. I always thought Henrietta was like the little girl without a soul, and I wondered if there were many others in the world. I used to wonder, too, when we sang in school, 'Not many may know the depths of true sisterly love,' how many did know, and if there were any other sisters like Henrietta and me.

"As we grew up it grew worse, of course. When young men began to come to the house, it made Henrietta wild to think they might think more of me than of her. I was prettier, for all my big nose. She spent all her money for fol-de-rols, and mine had to go for necessities for us both; that's always been so. She'd manage to put herself forward and keep me out. There was Luke Bradshaw—" Miss Selinda's harsh and strained voice broke suddenly. Frank was hoping she would not go on again. There was something both painful and ludicrous to him in this "breaking out" of his stern and self-contained relative.

"There was Luke Bradshaw," Miss Selinda began again, as soon as she could control her voice. The barriers of her reserve being broken down, she evidently meant to pour out her whole soul. "He is a missionary now in India. He liked me, but Henrietta took possession of him in a way she had; she flattered him and played and sang to him—I never had time to learn to sing and play—and wrote little notes to him. Most men are disgusted with women who court them, as Henrietta always would. Luke wouldn't have thought of marrying her anyway—he a minister and she not a professor—and she wouldn't have married him; she only wanted to bewitch him away from me, and—he went away without coming to say good-by to her or me either. It was just about the same with a dozen others; but I never cared much except about Luke. I wonder how I can tell you this—I do wonder at myself. But I'm an old woman now, and it was long ago. She never thought I had any right to the pleasant side of life, for fear it was getting something away from her. She's ground my bones to make her bread, and not only her bread, but her fol-de-rols. And yet she can be as amiable and agreeable as can be, if you'll only give her all you've got, and let her run and be glorified."

"About the old place, Aunt Selinda," said Frank, taking advantage of her pause for breath. "I suppose Meacham can be put off again?"

"So Henrietta supposes; but he can't," cried Miss Selinda. "I had to get down on my knees to him to beg him to wait until now. I promised him the money to-morrow, and he is coming for it. He will foreclose and take possession before the month is out. But you and your little Anne and Henrietta can live on 'the beautiful summer,' as Henrietta says, and the pink roses, and the peacocks' tails in the yellow jar, and love, and your wages from the *Bee*."

Miss Selinda was becoming wildly sarcastic in her excitement.

And then, worst of all to Frank, she suddenly gave way to hysterical weeping. He was glad that she took herself away to her own room, for he could not think of anything to say to comfort her.

It seemed as if a man might think of some way to raise that money. Frank went and lay down in the orchard grass, resolved to rack his brains; but they failed to offer any devices, and soon his life-long habit of refusing to think about the disagreeable asserted itself, and he dropped asleep, musing upon Anne's perfections and the happiness they would have when things straightened themselves out. He awoke only just in time to escort Miss Henrietta to the station. She went wiping her eyes, because Selinda had locked herself into her room and refused to say good-by. It was disgraceful, petty, for women—and sisters!—to quarrel, Frank thought, and felt quite out of patience with Miss Selinda.

It was a striking proof of the supremacy of Miss Henrietta's will that he did not once think of trying to persuade her to alter her plans, although the danger of losing the old estate, which might be his inheritance, really troubled him as much as anything could.

To shake off dull care he went to see Anne, who lived with an old aunt who had a sufficient pension to enable her to live on crackers and tea, and on these delicacies Anne and Frank supped like the gods.

Going home very late that night, Frank saw a light in the sitting-room, and with the possibility of another hysterical interview with Miss Selinda in view, he incontinently fled, and spent the night on the lounge in the *Bee's* inner sanctum. The next day, although he was forced to work hard to make up for several holidays, he did not forget to write to a friend, who was a Western lawyer, about some land which Miss Henrietta and Miss Selinda owned: there had been a dispute about the title, and they had therefore been unable to sell it.

In the course of the forenoon, Meacham, who was an avaricious old farmer, came into the office to pay a long-standing subscription to the *Bee*, and demanded a reduction on the ground that he had been able to collect only a hundred dollars of interest where three hundred were due, with an injured look at Frank. So she had paid him a hundred dollars, and induced him to wait! Frank's boyish faith in Miss Selinda's generalship revived. She always had been equal to emergencies. But where had she got that money? Not by borrowing, certainly; death would be far less bitter to her than to have any of their friends know of the low ebb of their fortunes.

He went homeward with a comfortable sense that his world, represented at present by Miss Selinda, was revolving once more in its orbit, and might not be expected to go careering off into space again.

But Miss Selinda met him at the door, haggard and excited. "Frank, find Meacham, and induce him to return a hundred dollars that I paid him. Tell him that he may take the place—anything! Oh, Frank, it was the wages of sin—and getting it back will make the sin no less!"

"Well, then, Aunt Selinda, I should certainly let him keep it," said Frank, calmly philosophical, although he felt strong suspicions that Miss Selinda had been deprived of her reason. He put his arm around her, and she leaned upon him until she reached her own arm-chair.

"Right here I sat and talked about poor Henrietta yesterday; told you all her failings, that ought to have been more sacred to me than my own. And all the time that verse of Scripture was running in my head, 'Thou sattest and spakest against thy brother; thou hast slandered thine own mother's son'; but I smothered it in my bitterness and resentment. And then Satan took possession of me. Open your heart to one sin, and another will follow it, and this was one that I've been trifling with all my life. You wouldn't have thought, Frank, when I've always been so hard upon others' weaknesses, that I had a terrible one of my own, would you? Sometimes I think it must have run in the blood. When Grandfather Dudley built this house"—Miss Selinda spoke in a low, awe-stricken tone—"he turned it back to the road to expiate, or rather to show his shame for, some sin that he had committed. That was what was said. There's only one person now living that knows what that sin was, and that is your great-aunt Calista Whitney. Her mother lived with grandmother, and knew the secret, and I've heard that she told her daughter. I never wanted to ask, but now it seems as if I must know. I shouldn't want to think my taint ran in the blood. Almost the first thing I can remember is being crazy to play games of chance. Aunt Lydia burned the backgammon board, and then I played fox and geese. And I used to go by myself and toss up cents, and say I would do this or that according to whether they came down heads or tails. I had seen bad boys do it. When I was twenty-five, a young man gave me an old pack of cards to cut up into diamonds and cover with silk for a sofa cushion. At first I couldn't bear to use them because they looked so wicked, and then I couldn't bear to because they were so fascinating. I played with them, Frank, inventing games for myself. When I was convalescing from a fever—that was when I was forty or more, and though I had been careful of those cards, they were all worn out—I sent Jane Tozier to F—— to buy a pack. I had

bought a book of games, and learned every one, and I taught Jane Tozier to play. Not content with risking my own immortal soul, I risked Jane Tozier's. We used to go up in the attic and play when Henrietta thought I had gone to prayer-meeting. I don't wonder that you look at me with horror, Frank. I am a whited sepulchre!"

The distortion of Frank's features, which Miss Selinda mistook for horror, was really the result of an almost superhuman effort to control his risibles. Her deep remorse was utterly incomprehensible to this young man, who through all his Western career had carried a pack of cards in the leg of his boot, and had one now upon his person, only more conventionally located, as befitted the section of country.

"Frank, you have met Miss Devereux?"

"Swell sort of a party—rouge and diamonds—says she is some relation to us—stopping at Dilks's?"

"She is a relation; her mother was Matilda Templeton, my second-cousin. We always used to say that Matilda would have what she wanted, and her daughter is just like her. When she first came here, in the spring, she hinted about my letting her have the beaufeh." Frank cast a startled glance in the direction of the old buffet; could Miss Selinda have sold that? But its rich dark mahogany still shone in the corner. "She was collecting antique things, and she wanted everything that was spider-legged. She didn't dare to ask me to sell it to her; and I couldn't have, Frank, anyway. I'd rather see the old place go at once than by piecemeal. She came in last night to make a parting call, as she was going away to-day. It was almost eleven when she came: she'd been to a progressive euchre party at the Twichells'. She's been invited everywhere; she's a rich woman, and she has travelled and lived abroad, and knows how to make her way. She brought her maid, and sent her to sit with Jane Tozier; I knew by that she had come for something, and didn't care how late she staid. She took a pack of cards, in an elegant case, out of her pocket, and asked me to see how beautiful and satiny they were. She said I ought to learn to play; it would be a great solace for Henrietta and me when we were lonely; everybody played nowadays; Deacon Prentiss's daughters were at the euchre party. I was a hypocrite, and pretended to let her teach me. I wanted so much to play with somebody who knew how: Jane Tozier is dull-witted. I suppose I began to play well too soon, and let her see that I knew how. I beat, anyway. It takes brains as well as luck to play almost any game of cards, Frank;" there was actually a little gleam of pride in Miss Selinda's eyes, but it faded as suddenly as it had come. "Then she said she must play for something, if it was only her handkerchief against mine; she was used to playing for small stakes; every one did abroad; it gave an interest to the game. If she had said money right away, I think I should have realized just what it meant, and maybe I shouldn't have done it. But I'm afraid I should. I was so excited and reckless. Her handkerchief had fine old lace on it, and mine was only a good strong linen one. She won mine. Then she, laughing all the time, put up a penny, and I—put up one too. It didn't seem any more than child's play; and yet it did, as she said, add an interest to the game. I won the penny. And then she proposed to put up a hundred dollars against the beaufeh. I don't suppose anybody could realize what a state I was in who hasn't felt the fever. I don't think I thought much about winning the money for its own sake or of losing the beaufeh, but I wanted to win. Satan had possession of me, Frank! Jane Tozier left the French maid asleep in her chair—she couldn't speak a word of English—and came and peeped in at the window, and she said it seemed as if she could 'see his horns a-r'arin' up above her pink bonnet.' I won the hundred dollars, and then the horror of it flashed upon me all at once. She flushed up and seemed quite angry because I wouldn't play any more. What she wanted was the beaufeh. I told her I wouldn't take the money; that she mustn't think I had been in earnest. She laughed in a scornful way, and this morning, just before she left on the train, she sent over the money. While I stood with it in my hand, knowing it was too late to go after her, because the train was whistling, and not knowing which way to turn, that man Meacham came into the yard. I had almost forgotten him, Frank, strange as it may seem, or rather he had become a part of the general horror that overwhelmed me, but when I saw him the old instinct of battle arose in me—I have fought for the old place so long!—and I didn't seem to remember anything but that I had the money and could put him off with it. He made scarcely any objection to waiting for the rest. I think my looks must have frightened him. But, Frank, I have been in torment ever since. If he won't return the money—"

"Of course he won't. He doesn't wish to foreclose now because the property would be a drug on his hands—and of all the lucky things I ever heard of! I mean"—Frank pulled himself up promptly in obedience to Miss Selinda's look of reproachful horror—"I mean, of course, that you can pay her the money. I've written to Davis to sell that Western land for a song, and he is just the fellow to do it. I really think that will come out all right, Aunt Selinda, for it is evident that it really belongs to you. So you can think of the hundred dollars as a loan for a little while."

Miss Selinda seemed to derive some consolation from this view of the matter, but she looked so aged and broken that Frank's heart was touched, and he immediately wrote to his great-aunt Calista Whitney to find, if possible, some comfort for Miss Selinda from her pious progenitor's experiences.

"Aunt Calista has seen the old parson's diary," he said, when he received the answer to his letter, "and she says the only particular sin that he recorded was that for six months he was unable to believe in the doctrine of predestination. He mentioned that he 'came out clear and bright, and saw that it was a most gracious and comfortable doctrine,' and people surmised (he did not say so) that he built the house 'hind side before' to commemorate his period of darkness."

(It was highly commendable in Frank that he refrained from comment on the parson's proceeding.)

"I am glad that it wasn't as I feared, Frank," said Miss Selinda, tremulously. "I don't know how I could have fancied such a terrible thing. Now I feel as if I might overcome it in myself. I have burnt my cards, and Jane Tozier and I have agreed that we will confess in church meeting if we ever touch one again."

It was four months later, and nothing flourished in the old-fashioned garden save Miss Henrietta's artificial plants, when Frank one day carried good news to Miss Selinda.

"A check from Davis at last!—seven hundred dollars, and his commission has been deducted," he cried.

Miss Selinda wiped tears of joy from her eyes.

"I can send a hundred to that woman"—she always spoke of her partner in guilt as "that woman"—"and Meacham can have five hundred, and there will still be a hundred that I can send to Henrietta. She must need it in New York with that fashionable Mrs. Hofland."

Frank pulled his mustache reflectively, and gazed at Miss Selinda's darned alpaca, and her hands that were becoming toil-worn, for Jane Tozier was growing old and there was no money to pay for extra service. He knew, moreover, of pitiful attempts at fancy-work, for pay, surreptitiously conveyed to the nearest city. Perhaps he would scarcely have thought of it but for the fact that Miss Selinda had softened very much of late, and "come round" about Anne.

"Aunt Henrietta has been abominably selfish, you know," he said.

"Frank Dudley, I have seen the beam in my own eye," said Miss Selinda, solemnly.

Sophia Swett.

THE CROQUET TOURNAMENT.

The third Tuesday in August of each year brings together the scientific croquet-players from all parts of the United States at Norwich, Connecticut. The entire week is devoted to a tournament given under the auspices of the National Croquet League. The members of the League have an average age of forty years, veterans of seventy-six contending with youth of twenty-six, and responding to the spur of emulation with equal spirit and enthusiasm. They are recruited from all the professions and many business walks. It will be seen that a game which can elicit and sustain so much interest must have more features than can be ascribed to the ordinary game of croquet.

Such, in fact, is the case. The old lawn game, descriptions of which are common in novels of English country life, where opportunities are furnished to the mild-eyed curate to make the acquaintance of the elder daughter of the local Squire, and flirt and eat ice-cream on the velvet turf beneath wide-spreading oaks, has given place to a hard intellectual pastime, with well-defined rules and the most scientific implements. Less picturesque, perhaps, but more absorbing.

The courts are of clay well rolled and sanded, surrounded by a border eighty-five by forty-five feet, the arches being set as in the illustration. The balls and mallets are of rubber, the latter provided with a handle from twelve to eighteen inches in length. The wickets are of steel, set in solid wooden blocks, and three and a half inches in width—a quarter of an inch wider than the balls. To carry two balls around a field of nine wickets and bring them back to the starting stake may seem an easy task on a perfectly level ground, but the novice will find, if he falls into the hands of a skilful player, that what looks like play comes to be work at the end of a two or three hours' game.

"Wiring," "the drive," "the jump and loose shot," and "the cannon" suggest endless complications to the skilled player. The spectator is called upon during the progress of a closely contested match to witness the exhibition of many admirable virtues and accomplishments. Tact, judgment, insight, are demanded as well as skill. A game is seldom won where the defeated party cannot retrace his play and discover the error that turned the scale in his opponent's favor.

Admirably as the game is played in Norwich, only a small proportion of them are finished without a "change of balls," giving the opposite side a chance for his life.

The accuracy with which the jump shot is made makes "wiring" more and more difficult. The art of hitting a ball so that it will leap into the air several feet and then go straight to its mark is one that needs cultivation before success can be expected.

Norwich, "the Rose of New England," takes very kindly to croquet and its votaries. Proverbial New England hospitality is exerted to its utmost extent to furnish them comfort and entertainment. The more enthusiastic spectators find their way to Burial Hill early in the evening, and after the electric lights are lit in the evening the scene becomes picturesque in the extreme. The tournament of last week, which was the fifth since the League was formed, in 1882, was very largely attended. Representatives were present of clubs in New York, Philadelphia, New Brunswick, Boston, Chicago, New London, Northampton, Staten Island, Troy, Gloversville, Stamford, Danbury, and many other places where the "rigor of the game" is cultivated.

Games began Tuesday, and were not finished until Saturday. Fifteen players entered for the prize games; the remaining fifty occupied the time in social games on grounds reserved for that purpose. In the tournament games each player played one game with every other. This involved the playing of over one hundred games during the week. The prizes were gold and silver mounted mallets, and those who entered for them, with few exceptions, were well known as veteran players. Among them were Dr. Read and Phillips, of New York, Mr. Bryant, of Northampton, Mr. Strong, of New London, Mr. Whitman, of Troy, Mr. Dickey, of Norwich, Mr. Bush, of Staten Island, Mr. Spaulding, of Townsend Harbor, Dr. Loomis, of Rockville, Mr. Johnson, of Philadelphia, Mr. Baldwin, of Danbury, Professor Jacobus, of New Brunswick, and Mr. Ford, of New York; the last two were the winners in the tournament of 1885. The first prize was taken by Mr. Botsford, of New York, with a score of 11 games won and 2 lost; the second by Professor Jacobus, with 10 and 3; Messrs. Wambold and Bryant tied for the third, with 9 and 4.

THE MINNEAPOLIS EXPOSITION.

The accompanying picture of the main building at the Industrial Exposition which was opened at Minneapolis, Minnesota, on Monday last is a faithful representation of the structure, but conveys, of course, no idea of the extent and excellence of the varied exhibits which it contains. All indications point to a completely successful career for the Exposition. It was regretted that President Cleveland could not be present to open the show in person, but his consent that Mrs. Cleveland should, by means of the telegraph wire, give the signal for the machinery to be set in motion was gladly accepted as the next best thing.

The Exposition was opened with imposing ceremonies, in which the Governor of the State, several ex-Governors, and the Mayors and Common Councils of both Minneapolis and St. Paul, together with a number of other functionaries, took part. The opening address was delivered by Mr. W. D. Washburn, the President of the Exposition, whose picture is published in this issue, and there was an oration by ex-Governor Davis. As is always the case at industrial fairs and exhibitions, the internal arrangements of the halls were far from complete at the time of the opening, but the Exposition rapidly assumed a finished state thereafter. Special attention has been paid by the managers in creating an art department worthy of the growing art culture of the Northwest. There is a fine display of casts and statuary in the hall devoted to sculpture, and the arrangement of the exhibits has been admirable. The art department, and, in fact, the entire Exposition building, is well lighted both by day and night, enormous electric chandeliers being one of the features of the show. It is a noticeable fact that a great many of the exhibits which figured in the New Orleans Exposition have been taken intact to this exhibition of the Northwest.

The effect of this Exposition upon the business we fare of both Minneapolis and St. Paul will, it is thought, be vastly beneficial, for the people have taken up the enterprise in a whole-souled and determined sort of way, and are bound that it shall be a success in all particulars. The resources of the Northwest, both agricultural and mineral, are illustrated in an effective manner, and the Exposition will no doubt attract thousands of visitors from all parts of the country. The railroads have gone to work in earnest upon the undertaking of transporting more people to the chief city of Minnesota within the next few months than were ever carried before, and railroad fares have been reduced to moderate figures.

THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.—Photographed from the Architect's Plans.

ON THE WAY TO CONEY ISLAND.—DRAW

BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[See Page 555.]

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW JACK THANKED BESS.

Early in the evening, when the common sort had all gone away, well filled with the Admiral's best October, and before the gentlemen arrived, Jack left us, and stole quite unnoticed from the house. As he left us, so he returned, no one having observed that he had been absent for a moment. Yet we were all of us talking and thinking of no one else, and believed that he was still among us. So, in a play at the theatre, when the mind is fully charged and occupied with the hero, so that one can think of nothing but his adventures, we do not perceive that he is no longer on the stage before our eyes; and when he presently returns, we do not remember that he has ever been out of our sight, and all that has passed seems to have been done in his presence.

But why Jack left us, and whither he went, I have since been told, and that, as one may say, on credible authority—namely, by the only person who knows.

In short, he left us to go in search of Bess, his heart being already inflamed by the thought of her beauty, and fired with gratitude because, of all his old friends, she alone recognized him. Ulysses was recognized by none but his dog. Why, Jack would have been less than human, a mere senseless log, had he not been moved by this circumstance. And so far from senseless, his was a heart as easily inflamed as touch-wood.

Bess was sitting on the floor before the fire, her father being somewhere abroad, I suppose, in conversation with his friends and cronies, the sexton and the barber. It was Sunday evening, therefore she had no knitting or work of other kind in her hands. She could not read, and therefore she had not taken one of her father's books; and she was alone, therefore she was not talking. Outside, the night had already fallen, but she was not one of those who waste good money by burning candle and fire at the same time, unless for the sake of work. The red fire-light played upon her cheeks, and made them glow, and upon her eyes, and made them red balls, and upon the walls of the room, which were covered with specimens of the Penman's art, pasted on the wainscot, and on the sideboard, where stood the candlesticks of brass, and the snuffers polished and bright, with the house pewter, which shone like silver, so good a housewife was this girl. Her hands lay folded in her lap, and she was leaning forward as if reading faces in the red coals, as children sometimes love to play. I think she saw one face only, and that a strange, wild face, with matted hair and long beard, and a bloody clout across the forehead. As to her thoughts—who can read the thoughts that crowd into the head of a young girl? I would not dare to say that up to that time Bess was in love with her old playfellow; yet it is certain, because Mr. Brinjes spoke so much of him, that he often occupied her mind. Nor was it, I venture to say, all on Jack's account that she would listen to none of Aaron Fletcher's advances. Yet she must have been hard-hearted indeed had this home-coming failed to move her soul. I have sometimes thought that if at this time Jack had made no advances to her, she must presently have taken Aaron and thought no more of her old playfellow, save as of a gallant gentleman belonging to a class above her. No man can speak positively of a woman's mind; but I am assured that it is seldom in the nature of a woman to love any man—though she may greatly admire him—until he hath first shown and proved by words and looks that he thinks of her and loves her. Therefore, if Jack had made no advances—however, it is idle to talk of advances; such a man as Jack doth not make advances, they are for cooler and more cautious men; he lands, charges, and carries by storm the fortress which expected to be besieged by well-known rules.

Now, as she sat there watching the coals glowing in the fire, Bess suddenly started, and her heart ceased to beat, for at the door she heard a step. She remembered that step after six long years; and the latch was lifted, and Jack himself came in—a thing she had not so much as ventured to hope, though she expected that he might in a day or two call to see her father, if he should still remember his former instructor.

She sprang to her feet, half afraid, yet rejoicing.

"Bess!" he cried, hoarsely. "You had not forgotten me?"

He was dressed now, shaven, and washed; a tall and handsome man, though pale and somewhat hollow in the cheek.

"Bess!" he repeated, holding out both hands, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Oh, Jack!" she whispered, timidly. But now she was trembling, and really afraid of him, because there was a look in his eyes which frightened her: a strange look it is, which painters, for the most part, have failed to catch; it is one which makes the eyes soft and glowing; it is the look of love and longing. Bess had never seen that look, and it frightened her.

"Jack," she said, "shall I go and look for father?"

"Oh!" he answered, "you knew me, Bess!" His voice was husky. "All the rest had forgotten me; but you knew me. Look for your father? Not yet, Bess! Not yet! Oh, Bess!" He said no more, but caught her hands, drew her toward him, and kissed her a thousand times.

Then, in a moment, all her love went out to him. She gave him all her heart. Thenceforward she was no longer afraid of him; yet she was his servant and his slave, though he called her mistress.

"My dear," he said, presently, "let me look at my sweetheart. Nay, the fire-light will do to light those eyes; no need of a candle. Oh, the sweet face! And what a tall girl she is! Is it the fire-light on her cheeks, or is she blushing because her lover hath kissed her? And oh, the rosy lips! Kiss me, Bess. Kiss me, and tell me that you love me. My dear, I had forgotten no one at home—no one; but until you caught my hands to-day, I did not know how much I loved you. And now, tell me, pretty, hast thou sometimes thought of Jack?"

"Oh yes," she told him. "I have never forgotten, never; and I knew you were not drowned, whatever they said, and Mr. Brinjes always declared that some day you would come home again. Often and often I have gone to Philadelphy and inquired of her concerning a young sailor—meaning you, Jack—but I did not tell her who it was, and always her reply was that he was safe, and would come home again, though to be sure, she said, there were dangers in the way. She is a proper witch, and knows. But, oh! Jack, go away: this is foolishness; you must not kiss me any more, because you are a gentleman, and I am only a simple girl, and the daughter of a plain man. You must not talk of love to me; you must not think of me, Jack. I know you would not laugh at me, and mock me; but you must not think of me, Jack. Why, there are fine ladies in plenty who would die for love of you!"

"And could you die for love of me, Bess? Oh! how could I live so long without thee?"

"Oh, Jack!" she murmured, laying her head upon his shoulder, "I would rather die of love for you than live for the love of some one else; and oh! if you left off loving me I should sit down and pray to die at once."

He kissed her again—I know not how many times he kissed her—telling her, which was quite true, because his thoughts ran not that way, that he cared not a fig for all the fine ladies in London town, with their nimby-namby, piminy ways, and their hoops and paint; but he loved an honest girl with roses of her own in her cheeks, who would love him in return. And so their pretty love talk went on, with thee and thou, and kisses sweet as honey to this girl, who knew not how or why she should conceal her joy and her love.

"I never knew," Bess told me afterward, "no, I never knew what happiness could be until I sat that evening with my sweetheart's arms round my waist, and my face upon his shoulder, so that he could kiss me as often as he pleased, and whisper that he loved me. Oh, why—why should he love me? he so handsome and so splendid, and I so simple a maid. What are a girl's good looks compared with a man's? And how should he be able to love one who is not a gentlewoman—he who might, had he chosen, have married a countess?"

When he left her, which was all too soon, because the Admiral would be expecting him, the girl fell upon her knees and prayed. This was a thing (she confessed it to me herself) which she had never done before in her life, except in church, and according to the Forms contained in the Book of Common Prayer. If one may venture so to speak of a Book which hath engaged the thoughts and labors of learned and pious men since the foundation of the Church—I mean the Book of Common Prayer—there is one unfortunate omission in its forms: it provides, that is to say, for all the other great events in life, namely, Birth, Baptism, Marriage, the Arrival of Children, Sickness, and Death, but there is no Form of Prayer for the Betrothal of a man and a maid. Yet there are many appropriate Lessons that might be taken for it from the Old and New Testament; and there are many grateful and joyful Psalms; and there are lovesick verses—better, surely, were never written—especially in the Song of Solomon; and, without doubt, if ever there were occasion for Prayer and Praise, it is when a pair of lovers promise in private what they will presently promise in the sight of the congregation. Bess, poor child, knew no prayer fit for the occasion; but she knelt upon the floor, and with tears she thanked God for the safe return of her lover, and implored Him to extend His continual protection over him.

When Mr. Westmoreland came home at half past eight, he was astonished to find that his daughter had forgotten to put out the bread and cheese and beer. Heard one ever of housewife forgetting to lay the supper? And though he talked about nothing but Jack Easterbrook—his unexampled sufferings and his wonderful and providential preservation—this strange daughter of his was so cold and unfeeling about her old playfellow that she hardly said a word, but made haste to go to bed, where she was removed from her father's chatter, and could lie contentedly awake all night long, her foolish heart beating with the joy of this great happiness.

CHAPTER XIII.

JACK ASHORE.

The next day, accompanied by the Admiral and Captain Petherick, Jack went to the Navy Office in Seething Lane to report himself.

And here began trouble he did not expect. For, seeing that they had long since written off the ship as cast away, and her company as dead, at first it appeared as if Jack had lost his seniority for certain, even if he had not been removed from the King's service. The latter view was stoutly maintained by the clerks, who argued that if a man has been written off as dead, he must be dead, or else—a thing impossible and absurd, if not treasonable—the Navy Office must be charged with error; so that, if he should afterward be so rash as to return, he must either be considered out of the service, or must begin again at the bottom of the ladder; otherwise their books would have to be rewritten; very likely the estimates must be amended, and perhaps even a new audit undertaken. There was much correspondence on this subject carried on between the various departments; and, for aught I know, it may still be going on. While it was still in agitation, they began to send him about, like a ball at the game of cricket, from one office to another. First they sent him to the Surveyor's Department, which required him to make a return of the ship's stores and their expenditure up to the conclusion of the voyage; and asked him also to produce the purser's, bo's'n's, and carpenter's accounts, the muster-book and the log-book, these books being always, by regulation, required of the captain on his return. The clerks in the Navy Office, who receive fifty pounds a year, and live at ten, or even twenty, times that rate in war time, thus showing how an honest man may prosper merely by the handling of ship's books and the passing the captain's papers, gave this young officer, from whose handling no profit could be obtained for themselves, as much trouble as Jacks-in-office possibly can; and, being themselves bound and tied by all kinds of rules, they were able to hamper grievously any officer who doth not first grease their palms.

Next, when Jack expected to receive the six years' pay, which was certainly due to him, there was trouble with the Comptroller's Department, which contended that, as he had not served for more than two years, he was entitled to no more than so much pay, and that only when it could be proved that he had served to the satisfaction of the captain, who, we know, was dead and gone; and that, as regards the four years of wandering and captivity, they must not count as service at all.

Thirdly, when Jack asked permission to pass his examination in seamanship for Lieutenant's rank, it was objected by the clerks of the Secretary's department, first, that he had not, in accordance with the regulations, put in his log-books or journals; secondly, that he could not show the certificate of the Captain; and thirdly, that he had not served for the six years required by the rules of the service. At all these vexatious delays Jack lost his temper, and would, in the Navy Office itself, give the clerks, in good fo'k's'le English, his opinion as to their motives and their honesty, which, of course, exasperated these gentlemen, and made them stand out still more stiffly for the letter of the law.

Now, while these things were under consideration, the Commissioners themselves, being informed of what had happened, sent for Jack, and examined him personally concerning the ship's course, the discoveries she had made, the natural riches of the islands among which he had sailed, and the possibility of establishing settlements and posts upon them which might prove effective in restraining the insolence of the Spanish, and in preventing the establishment of the French power in those regions. Finally, they instructed him to draw up, without further delay, a report upon the voyage, as full as his memory would allow, for the information of the Commissioners and the government, containing all that he could remember of the course, and what he had observed concerning those islands, and especially on the force of the Spaniards on the South American shores; and, which was no doubt gall and wormwood to the clerks, my Lords the Commissioners were graciously pleased to order that the rules of the service should in this case be suspended, and that, in consideration of Mr. Easterbrook's previous good character, and undoubted sufferings after the wreck of his ship—for which he could not be held in any way accountable—his seniority should be restored to him, his years of wandering and captivity should be all counted as years of service, and that he should therefore receive full pay for the whole six years of service as midshipman on board a first-rate—namely, at two pounds five shillings a month, which made the handsome sum of one hundred and sixty-two pounds; and, lastly, that he should be permitted, on passing his examination, to assume the rank and uniform of Lieutenant, with the assurance of a commission to a ship as soon as it was possible to find one for him. This promise was given him so gravely, and by so great a personage, that Jack placed the most certain trust in it.

It was easier for Jack to pass his examination in seamanship and navigation, and to put on his new uniform, than to write the report asked of him; for he had never been the pen of a ready writer, nor had he the least knowledge of the art of composition; he had forgotten how to spell even simple words, having been deprived of books for four years; and he had almost forgotten how to write. He, therefore, by the Admiral's advice, sought the help of my father, who questioned him minutely on every point; and then, with the assistance of the charts, drew up with his own hand the required report; though, with pardonable license, it purported to be written by none other than Mr. Easterbrook. It contained all the information which the author could elicit by careful and repeated examination, and, if published, would have proved a work of the greatest curiosity and instruction, embellished with the charm of learned and scholarly style which was so much admired in my father's sermons, enriched with reflections and meditations proper for the various scenes and adventures through which the (supposed) writer passed, and made useful for meditation by Scriptural references. The report was accompanied by a chart showing part of the western coast of New Holland, with that portion of the Pacific Ocean lying south of the equator over which the *Countess of Dorset* had sailed. This part of the sea was depicted, by the hand which drew the chart, as covered with islands, on both sides of the ship's way, lying as thick as daisies on a grass border. Mr. Westmoreland it was who drew the chart; but he was advised and assisted by Jack himself, and by Mr. Brinjes. He painted the water blue, and the islands and coasts red. Another hand—I say not whose—decorated those parts of the ocean where no ship hath yet sailed, and nothing is yet known, with spouting whales, dolphins at play, sea-lions sporting on rocks, and canoes filled with black men. The same hand designed and painted in the northern part of the ocean, off the Island of California, the lively representation of an engagement between the great seven-decked Spanish galleon from Manilla and a small English vessel, the former striking her colors, and the latter flying the flag of her country, and not the Jolly Roger, as Mr. Brinjes desired. In the left-hand corner Mr. Westmoreland drew the mariner's compass, below which he wrote a respectful dedication to my Lords the Commissioners, signed with the name of John Easterbrook, midshipman on board the *Countess of Dorset*. The whole was finished and adorned with many flourishes, and in the Penman's finest style. He was so proud of his work that, I believe, he expected nothing less than a public commendation of it in the *London Gazette*, with a handsome reward in money.

Strange to say, this report, which we hoped would have been published by order of the Admiralty, was received in silence, and was never afterward noticed at all. I know not what became of it, for Jack obtained no acknowledgment of it, nor was any praise or reward, that I ever heard of, given to the Penman, and I suspect that the report has never been read at all, but still lies on the shelves of the Navy Office. But, in truth, the wreck of the *Countess of Dorset* made little stir at the time, because this intelligence arrived when the public mind was greatly agitated by the depredations of the French privateers which were now sweeping the Channel and picking up our merchantmen, and with the efforts made by the Government to protect our coasts and the seas, so that the loss of this ship more than three years before, even in so lamentable a manner, affected people little. All this done, however, Jack returned to Deptford, taking up his quarters with the Admiral, and in very good spirits, being well assured that before long he would have his commission, and that there was going to be a long and spirited war, the French having begun with great vigor, and being already flushed with success, so that they would take a great deal of beating. He had also jingling in his pocket—no sweeter music, while it lasts—the whole of his pay for six years. With this money he was enabled to purchase a new outfit for himself, having landed, as we have seen, with nothing in the world—no, not even as much as a shirt. However, he very soon procured a sea-chest, and filled it once more with instruments, books, and a new kit, including his Lieutenant's uniform, in which it must be confessed he looked as gallant and handsome an officer as ever put on the blue and white, with none of the effeminacy and affected daintiness which too often spoil the young soldier as well as the London beau. Rather did Jack incline to the opposite vice, being, as his best friends must admit, quite deficient in the graces, ignorant of polite manners and conversation, unused to the society of ladies, and, among men, knowing but little of what some have called the coffee-house manner—that, I mean, which one learns by intercourse with strangers and general company, in which it is necessary to concede as well as demand, to yield as well as to maintain. Yet no swaggerer, or offender against the peace of quiet men, though he certainly walked with his head in the air, as if the whole world belonged to him, and, as if it was his right, took the wall of every one, unless an old man, a cripple, or a woman, and that with so resolute an air that even the bully-captains of the street—who are always ready to shoulder and elbow peaceful men into the gutter, and, on a mild remonstrance, to clap hand to sword-hilt, and swear blood and murder—these worthies, I say, stepped meekly, and without a word, into the mud when they beheld this young sea-lion marching toward them, over six feet in height, with shoulders and legs like a porter's for breadth and strength, splendid in his blue coat with gold-laced hat, his crimson sash, his white silk stockings, and white breeches. One thing I commended in him, that he wore his own hair, having it powdered decently, and tied in a bag with a black ribbon, a fashion which especially becomes a sailor, first, because a wig at sea, where everything should be taut and trim, must be troublesome; and secondly, because, if it be blown overboard, what is a man to do for another?

Fortunately for the street captains, Jack went seldom to London, where the noise of the carts and the crowd in the streets offended him. He loved not to be jostled. And the amusements of the town pleased him not. Once we went together to see the play at Drury Lane; the piece was a comedy, very ingenious and witty, representing modern manners, or that part of modern manners which belongs to the nobility, where, I suppose, there is always intrigue, and the conversation always sparkles with epigram; the meaner kind know not this kind of life. It is pleasant to look on, and the house laughed and applauded. But Jack sat glum, and presently grew impatient and went out, and would have no more of it.

"Why," he said, "call this a play of modern life? If a man were to say to me one-half of what these people continually say to each other—one calling the other, though in fine words, ass, rogue, liar, or clown—I would have cleared the whole stage long ago. Where is the English spirit gone? Let us get away."

I asked him whether he did not think the theatre made a fine sight, with the beautiful dresses of the ladies. But even this did not please him.

"Dresses?" he said. "Why, they are designed for no other purpose than to make the poor souls hideous. Hoops, powder and paint, hair dressed

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

up—I should like, my lad, to show you beside them a bevy of South Sea Island girls, barefooted, with a simple petticoat tied round them, and their long hair flying loose. Then would you understand how a woman should look. I know a girl"—he checked himself—"well, put her, dressed as she is, in a box at the theatre, and she would be like the full moon among the twinkling stars."

I might have replied (which is, I suppose, the truth) that women have no thought of form, and cannot understand that curve which Hogarth has drawn. Therefore, they understand not why men love a woman's figure, and regard Fashion as nothing more than an exhibition of costly and beautiful stuffs, silk, lace, and embroidery, to set off which the figure serves as a frame or machine on which they may be hung. Otherwise women would strive for a fashion at once becoming and fitted to the figure, which they would then never alter, as the Greeks retained always the same simple mode.

With these views as to ladies' dress, it is easy to understand that Jack found very little pleasure in visiting Ranelagh or Vauxhall, though the freedom of Bagnigge Wells was more to his taste. Nor did he delight in the coffee-houses. I took him to the Smyrna, where the politicians resort, and to the Rainbow, where the wits and templars are found; to the White Lion, in Wych Street, where they have concerts and women who sing. But he found the conversation insipid and the manners affected.

There was only one place of public resort which he heartily approved. It was the famous mug-house in Long Lane, whither one evening we went, Mr. Brooking, the painter, taking us thither. It is frequented by many brethren of the brush, who for some reason are always more inclined to mirth and gayety than the sober merchant. In this room there are fiddles and a harp; the room is divided into small tables which drink to each other; a president calls for a song, and one song is followed by another till midnight, the company drinking to each other from table to table, some taking strong beer, some flip, some rumbo, and some punch. Jack admired greatly the freedom of conversation, which had nothing of the coffee-house stiffness; the heartiness with which one table would drink a bout with another; the tobacco and the singing, for which this mug-house was then famous, and all with so many jokes and so much laughter that it was a pleasure to think there was so much happiness left in the world.

But most of his time Jack spent at Deptford, his mornings in the yard among the ships, and his evenings at the Sir John Falstaff with the Admiral, or in the Officers' Room at the Gun Tavern, whither the Lieutenants and the midshipmen resorted for tobacco and punch.

There remained the afternoon, which, had he chosen, he might have spent with the Admiral's lady and Castilla.

"Our conversation," said that sweet girl, "hath no attraction for Jack. He loves sailors better than ladies, and tobacco better than tea; and he would rather hear the fiddle than the harpsichord, and the bawling by a brother officer of a sea-song than a simple ditty from me."

I suppose that Castilla was naturally a little hurt that Jack showed no admiration for those accomplishments, of which she was justly proud. No one played more sweetly, or sang more prettily, the songs which she knew than Castilla. Every girl likes a little attention; but this young sea-bear gave Castilla none. Every girl likes to think that her conversation is pleasing to the men; Jack showed no pleasure at all in Castilla's talk. He was thinking, though this we knew not yet, of another girl, whose charms bewitched him and made him insensible to any other woman.

At this period of his life it is certain that Jack loved not the conversation of ladies, finding it perhaps insipid after the fo'ks'le talk he had lately experienced in the French prison and his savage life among the Indians. "If a man," he said, "must needs associate with women at all, give me a woman who is not squeamish over a damn or two, and lets a man tell his story through his own way, without holding up her hands to her face and crying fie upon him for naughty words; and one who can mix him a glass of punch—ay, and help him to drink it—and won't begin to cough directly his pipe of tobacco is lit. As for your cards, and your music, and your drinking of tea, it is all very well for landsmen. I dare say you like handing about the cups for Madame, and passing the cream and sugar to the young misses."

"You can take your tea as the Admiral takes his, Jack, with a dram of *rosa solis* after it."

"What is it at best but a medicine? Why not ask people to come and drink physic together? Why not ask Mr. Brinjes to prescribe, as he does, his tea of betony, speedwell, sage, or camomile? Or, if you must drink messes, there is chocolate, as the Spaniards have it. But as for tea, with the strumming of a harpsichord, and playing at cards for counters, and ladies talking fiddle-faddle, and Castilla asking you if you like this, or you would rather choose the other, I confess, my lad, I cannot endure it."

"Castilla, Jack? Surely she is to your taste?"

"Why, as for that, she is a pretty, delicate slip of a girl; she has got soft cheeks, it is true, and brown hair. Give me a tall, strong woman, who knows her own mind and what she likes, and likes it in earnest. Give me a woman with a spice of the Devil."

"Well, Jack," I said, surprised that he was not already in love with Castilla, "there are plenty of women in Deptford who are all Devil, if they can tempt you."

He had got already, though I knew it not, a woman who possessed her full share of the element he so much desired.

In the afternoons, therefore, he did not court the society of Castilla, but he went back to his old custom, and sat for the most part in the apothecary's parlor; not so much for the pleasure which he took in the conversation of that worthy and experienced gentleman, as that in this way he could enjoy the company of another person, who generally came in *accidentally* about the same time, but through the garden gate and the back door, while the Lieutenant marched in boldly, for all the world to see, through the shop. As Mr. Brinjes slept for the greater part of the afternoon, these two could say what they pleased to each other without fear of being overheard. And nobody so much as suspected that they were in this room except the assistant, who stood all day at the counter rolling boluses, pounding drugs, and mixing nauseous draughts. One might have chosen a sweeter-smelling place for love-making, but then it had the look of a cabin, and something of its smell, and Jack found no fault with it.

"We talked," Bess told me, in the time when her only pleasure was to think and talk about Jack, and when there was no one but myself with whom she could speak about him—"we talked all the afternoon in whispers, so as not to wake up Mr. Brinjes, who slept among his pillows. We sat in the window-seat, my head on his breast, and his fingers played with my hair, and sometimes he kissed me. Jack told me all he was going to do; he was to get his commission, and go fighting; he would go for choice where there were the hardest knocks; they would make a vast deal of prize-money; and he would get promoted, and made captain, with twelve pounds a month, and then, when he came home, he would marry me."

"And did Mr. Brinjes," I asked, "never wake up and interrupt this pastime?"

She laughed. "Why, when he woke up, he would say: 'Kiss her again, Jack. She is the best girl in Deptford. I have saved her for thee. Kiss her again.' He has always been kind to me, and would never believe that Jack was drowned, and would still be talking of him, which was the reason why I knew him again when he came back. And then Mr. Brinjes would sit up and talk about his treasure, and how he shall some day fit out a ship, and we are all to go sailing after the treasure, which is to be my marriage-portion, when it is recovered, so that Jack will marry, after all, the greatest heiress in England."

These things I heard, I say, after Jack went to sea again, and while Bess, like so many women, sat at home waiting and praying for her lover's safe return. All that time no one knew, or so much as suspected, what was going on. Otherwise, I fear, hard things would have been said of poor Bess by those of her own sex. Men, in such matters, judge each other more leniently and with less suspicion.

If, now, Jack had not been first recognized by Bess; if he had not gone to see her the first day of his arrival; if—but what doth it profit to say that if such and such things had not happened other things would have turned out differently? It is vain and foolish talk. Our lives are not governed by blind chance; and we must not doubt that, for some wise end which we know not and are not expected to know, or even to guess, all that happens to us is ordered and settled for us beforehand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CONEY ISLAND BOAT.

However much disinterested people may differ with the New York newspaper writers and hotel-keepers who declare that New York is the most favored and coolest of summer watering-places, it will be generally acknowledged that the deck of a Coney Island steam-boat in motion is a pretty comfortable spot. Perhaps as the boat lies at her pier on a sultry day there is no more moving air to fan her waiting passengers than there is elsewhere in the great metropolitan oven, but when she is in motion, no matter what the conditions may be around her, there is a breeze. It springs up the moment her lines are cast off and her wheels begin to shake up a foam in the dock. As she glides forth into the stream it becomes stronger, and when her nose has been swung round in the direction of the Iron Pier, and she darts oceanward with the speed and stately motion of a great bird, it is a fine breeze indeed.

The journey by boat to Coney Island is very popular. When the iron boats were a novelty they were not so attractive to the people as they have since become. Then they not infrequently ran trips upon which the passengers found almost room enough to be melancholy in, but this summer there is no day of the week, and there is almost no trip of the day, when a Coney Island boat is not at least comfortably filled. The journey is just far enough out to sea to be exhilarating. The boats are so large and so substantial that it is rare for them to take on a motion sufficient to make passengers uncomfortable. At times, under a southeast wind, the ocean comes to roll somewhat uneasily over the bar, and when the ocean does that there is no boat so sturdy that it is not constrained to respond, and it is common then for unaccustomed passengers to experience what the French call the evil of the sea. But the popularity of the boats which go to Coney Island and to Long Branch is assurance that it is unusual for the summer ocean to behave in this manner hereabout. The general conditions are as Mr. De Thulstrup has represented them in his picture. The company that he depicts are in placid enjoyment of the stirring salt air, of the quiet beauty of the scenery in New York's ever-wonderful bay, and of one another's society. Nobody is thinking of the uncomfortableness of a ground-swell, and there is no reason why anybody should. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The ground-swell need not bother any one until about the time of the equinox and the international yacht races. As long as fresh air and fair landscape and abounding human society have a charm for people, so long will the Coney Island boats be popular—provided, of course, that they maintain the material and social decency which now noticeably belongs to them.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A correspondent relates that in Irkutsk, in Siberia, in the winter-time everything for sale in the markets is frozen solid. A quart of milk, for instance, goes to the buyer in a chunk. For convenience the milk is allowed to freeze about a stick, which serves as a handle to carry it by. The commodity put up in this shape makes quite a formidable weapon, and it is possible to knock a man down with a quart of milk in Irkutsk. Throwing milk there is as bad as throwing stones here. An Irkutsk householder chips off a piece of milk for the cat, and a lump of milk is put into the coffee. Children in Irkutsk cry for a bite of milk. Irkutsk people in the winter-time do not say, "Be careful not to spill the milk," but, "Be careful not to break the milk." Broken milk is better than spilled milk, however, for the reason that with broken milk there is opportunity to save the pieces. Irkutsk people do not use pails for their milk in winter, but hang it up on hooks, though, of course, as spring comes on and the milk begins to run down from the hooks, they have to use pails. All this, it will readily be understood, is no more remarkable in a very cold country than it would be in the tropics to find people keeping butter in bottles and eating molasses candy with a spoon.

It is said that there are no coopers in China. Neither has China any Niagara Falls, and therefore the humiliating spectacle of coopers passing through Niagara in barrels is spared to that country.

A paragraph in a newspaper column devoted to matters of science says that it is calculated that "not less than one cubic mile of earth is deposited every year in the Atlantic Ocean from America, Africa, Europe, and Asia." The point of peculiar interest in this paragraph is the introduction of Asia as one of the continents whose rivers deposit earth in the Atlantic. If any credit at all is due to the continents for this sending of their substance into the sea, particular credit, of course, should be given to Asia, which, in order to get earth into the Atlantic, has to send it so much further than the other continents do. It would be interesting to know how much Europe is doing toward filling up the Pacific Ocean, and why Asia should concern herself with the Atlantic when she has such an ocean as the Pacific so much nearer home.

The rapid growth of Berlin is noted by the statisticians. It has now a population of 1,350,000, and is growing more rapidly than Vienna, St. Petersburg, or Paris. It is estimated that Berlin will equal Paris in the matter of population at the end of fifteen years; but it is notorious that estimates of this character are sometimes incorrect. If they were not sometimes incorrect, there would be no room for Chicago.

Three sailors who went fishing from the port of Dunkirk, in France, in the year 1869, have just returned. Seventeen years is a long time to catch fish in, and one might suppose that the sailors returned laden with wealth, but such is not the case. They say that their vessel was wrecked on the coast of Greenland, and that they were held in captivity by the natives. Not only did they bring nothing in the way of material treasure from that land, but in Dunkirk they find themselves poorer by the loss of their wives, all of whom have married again. They are three pretty forlorn sailor-men. To be sure, they are a nine-days' wonder in the little French town; but there are no dime museums in Dunkirk, and to be an object of curiosity there is not so profitable as it is here in our east-side wards.

A tramp was pulled out of a freight-car in Illinois. The police went through the formality of searching him, and found upon his person one hundred dollars in gold and certificates showing that he was the owner of twenty-five hundred dollars deposited in a St. Louis bank.

There is an old gentleman in Paris, according to the London *Figaro*, who is making a collection of boot heels that have belonged upon the boots of distinguished persons. He has more than a thousand specimens, and flatters himself that he can read character in the manner in which they are worn. Of course the old gentleman is deceived, and a man's character cannot really be read in his boot heels. Nevertheless the old gentleman can congratulate himself upon having added one to the great number of annoyances that are visited upon distinguished people. It will be another way for a man to learn that he is great when he comes to be asked to please send around his boot heels.

An advertisement in the London *Times* offers from twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars a year to a lady to engage in an "occupation in connection with high-class journalism such as any lady may undertake without social inconvenience, and chiefly out-of-doors." She must be a lady of position, and a title is preferred. She should also be young and clever, the advertisement says. She may have a private carriage from her employers if she is not already provided with one of her own. It would look as if a society reporter were wanted were it not stated that the lady is to be employed chiefly out-of-doors. It is hardly possible that so high a salary would be paid to a lady for reporting lawn-tennis matches. What does seem probable is that the advertiser wants a book agent of fashionable connections. If the book is a compilation of admirable newspaper articles, it is wholly proper to say that the occupation of the agent engaged in pushing its sale would be an "occupation in connection with high-class journalism."

A PROVOKING DEVELOPMENT.

"Israel, come out yeah, an' see Deacon Nushun, how 'dicalous he ac's. 'Low he mus' be 'toxicated by the way he stagger."

"Nem min'; he's done gone roun' de conah now. 'Pea's like you's nebber up ter time when you's wanted."

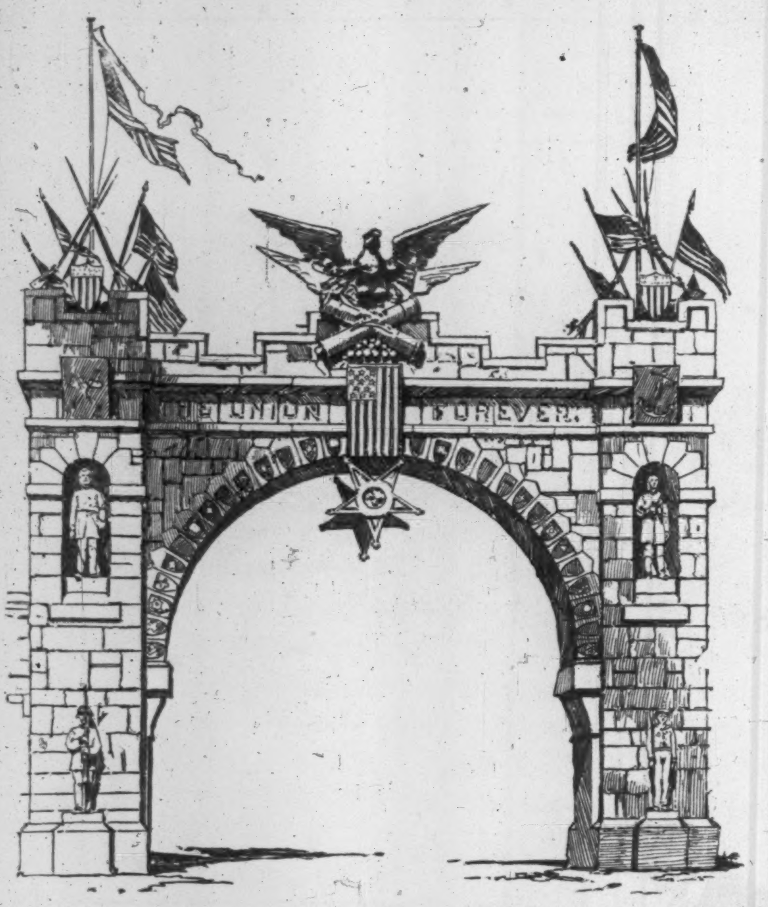
W. D. WASHBURN, PRESIDENT OF THE MINNEAPOLIS EXPOSITION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

ARTHUR G. SEDGWICK, SPECIAL AGENT OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT TO MEXICO.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

ON THE RIO GRANDE—SURRENDERING A PRISONER TO THE MEXICAN AUTHORITIES.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

(NEW) AMSTERDAM FLOODED BY THE BOODLE PRINCES.

FROM AN ELEVATED POINT OF VIEW.



THE G.A.R. ENCAMPMENT.

The twentieth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held this year in San Francisco, and the session continued from August 2 to the 12th. The long railroad journey and the cost of transportation to San Francisco rendered it difficult to secure the holding of the encampment in the Pacific coast metropolis, but having secured the coveted honor, the Grand Army men of California spared no expense or trouble to make the occasion memorable in the annals of the order. Californians are noted for their hospitality, and the welcome which they gave to the Eastern veterans was hearty and unstinted. A feature of the encampment was the effort made by the delegates and members from the great fruit and wine producing counties to show the resources of the State and at the same time to give the visitors actual proof of the variety of their productions. In more than a score of these county head-quarters great casks of wine were on tap, and tables were loaded down with fruit. In front of the Sonoma head-quarters, where wine flowed like water, was a section of a huge red-wood tree, which proved to be a great curiosity to the visitors from the East.

The streets were elaborately decorated with banners and streamers of the national colors; and most of the large business houses, as well as hundreds of residences, were beautifully draped with bunting and flags, and adorned with ornamental designs in flowers. The city erected a huge arch on Market Street opposite the ruins of the Bancroft Building. The main arch was eighty feet in height, and its span was 118 feet. Two smaller arches spanned the sidewalk. The arch was covered with canvas, and painted to represent massive masonry. On the towers were placed colossal statues of Washington and Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, while below were figures of heroic size representing the soldier and sailor, the mechanic and farmer. Surmounting the arch was an enormous eagle, with crossed cannon beneath, all resplendent in gold. From a short distance the arch presented a fine appearance; and looking west, one saw a magnificent vista of tall buildings, ending in the hills which overlook the ocean. As the procession marched down this noble avenue, between two lines of enthusiastic people, with the balconies and house-tops black with spectators, the scene was one long to be remembered. At the new City Hall grounds and at the Golden Gate Park some exquisite floral pieces, representing corps badges and other designs, blossomed on the greensward.

The great event of the week was the day parade of Tuesday, which was the most imposing street spectacle ever presented in San Francisco, surpassing in numbers and enthusiasm the famous procession which welcomed General Grant on the return from his tour around the world. It was expected that large numbers would be attracted to the city to witness the parade, but the reality surpassed the predictions of the sanguine. Special trains were run from neighboring cities, and as the day was tacitly observed as a holiday and business suspended, it may be said without exaggeration that two-thirds of the regular residents of the city were in the streets.

The great parade showed the deep feeling of loyalty which exists even in remote places on the far-off Pacific coast. Grand Army posts from Washington Territory, Nevada, and Oregon were represented by scores of comrades. A careful estimate gave 9500 veterans in line. No one could complain of a lack of warmth in their reception. The remnant of the California Hundred and the Cavalry Battalion received an ovation. The Sonoma delegation carried the old Bear Flag which played so conspicuous a part in the conquest of the State—a faded banner, crudely wrought, but with a spirited grizzly in one corner evidently drawn by one who had a personal acquaintance with the ugly animal. No Eastern post made a finer appearance than the New York Department. Its position in the line could be told by the storm of cheers which greeted the battle-torn flags borne by its members. These historic flags, most of which are the property of the Buffalo posts, stirred the enthusiasm of the vast crowd as nothing else had power to do. California saw few actual signs of the misery of the war; hence these flags, especially to the younger generation, were visible tokens of the cost of the great struggle for the Union which was here commemorated by the men who helped to save it. The enthusiasm of the spectators was divided between the old battle flags and Genera's Sherman and Logan, who rode in carriages near the head of the line.

The executive sessions of the encampment continued three days, and were interspersed with concerts, receptions, and banquets. The week closed with a great camp-fire at the Mechanics' Pavilion.

THE TROUBLE WITH MEXICO.

The international difficulty growing out of the arrest in Mexico of Editor Cutting, although it has assumed a milder form than it seemed to take at the outset, is still on the surface, and it will apparently require no little diplomatic skill to bury it out of sight. Harper's Weekly under date of August 14 contained an exhaustive *résumé* of the matter, and furnished the news of the sentence of Mr. Cutting by the Mexican court to pay a fine of $600 and serve a year's imprisonment. Since then Mr. Arthur G. Sedgwick, whose picture will be found in another column of this issue, has been sent to Mexico as an agent of the United States government to see what can be done toward a pacific settlement of the awkward affair. Mr. Sedgwick is a resident of this city and a lawyer, being, it is said, especially well informed upon all intricate points of international law. He has been for some time attorney and counsel for the International Copyright League, and has prepared a skilful work on that subject. He has been during his life both lawyer and journalist, having at different times been connected with both the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* of this city.

It is understood that Mr. Sedgwick's instructions from the State Department were to proceed directly to the city of Chihuahua, and there to investigate all the evidence in the Cutting affair. In the mean time the whole subject as relating to the extradition and punishment of offenders along both sides of the line of the Mexican border remains deeply interesting. The picture which is printed in this issue of a party of United States troops remitting a prisoner to the Mexican authorities on a requisition serves to make apparent the striking points of difference between the United States and the Mexican soldiery.

In the mean time, again referring to the Cutting case, the Mexican citizen Medina, the libel of whom by Cutting was the cause of the present difficulty, has gone into print with a statement of his view of the situation. He says: "The facts on the trial of Cutting have been contorted in such a cruel manner, and there has been such an excess of unjust criticism against the acts of the judicial authorities, my country, and my humble self, by many North American periodicals, that I have believed it my duty to direct myself to demonstrate this proposition, that it is not money that influences the conscience of a Mexican when his honor is involved, and that is not sold to satisfy an ignoble passion."

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FOR LEMONS OR LIME JUICE,
Is a superior substitute, and its use is positively beneficial to health.—[*Adv.*]

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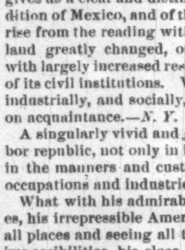
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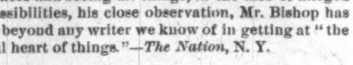
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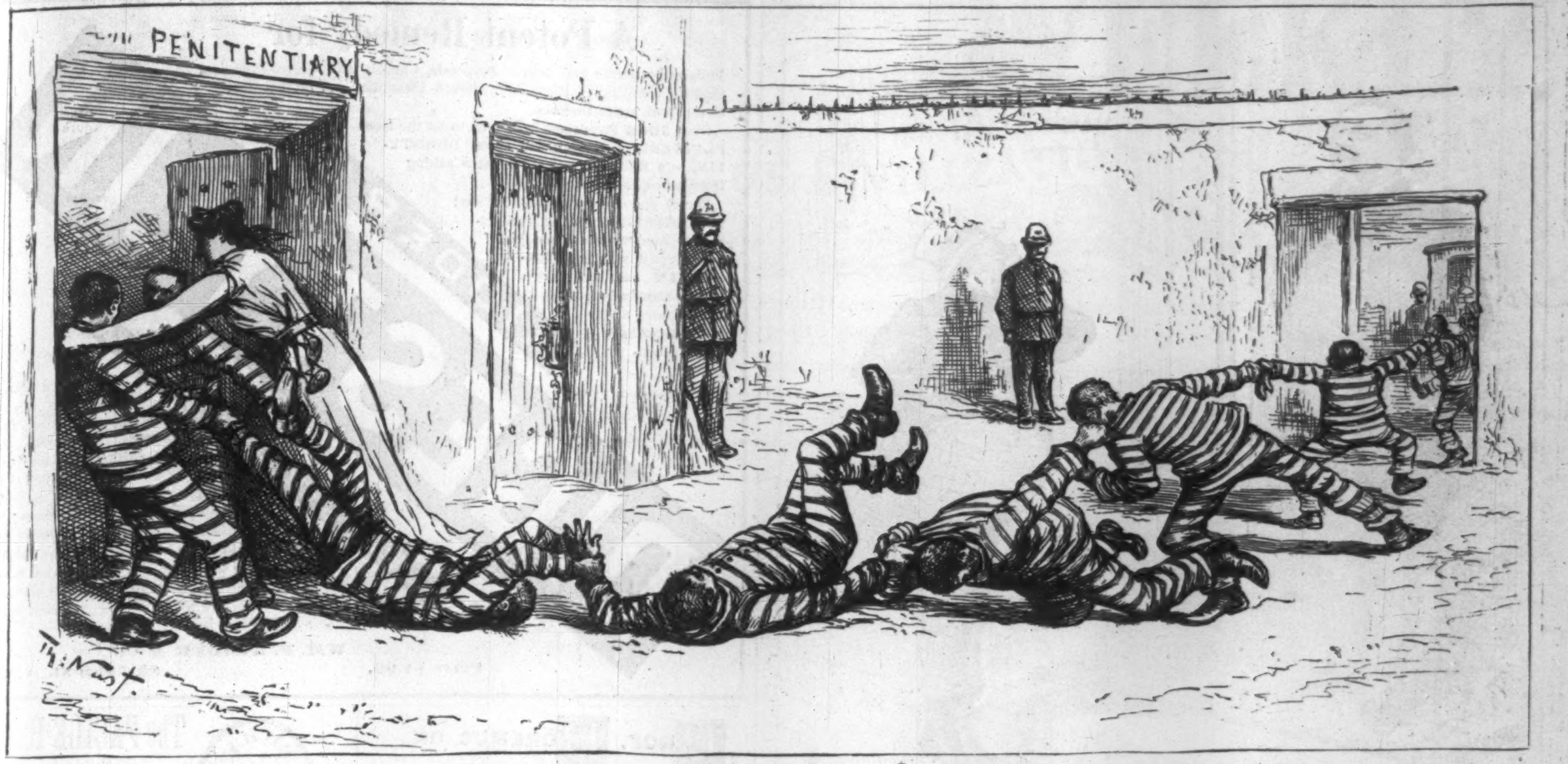

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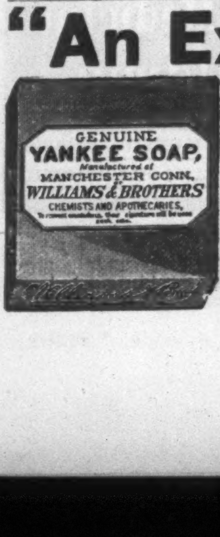

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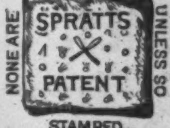

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